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BOMBS & LAW AT HARVARD
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EDITORIAL

DOMESTIC APPEASEMENT

A House of Representatives that can vote a nuclear freeze resolution one day and approve the MX nuclear missile plan another day suggests contradictions that go beyond irony into the realm of pure nonsense. Deluded by appeals to patriotism, tempted by sweet deals and baffled by argumentation way over their heads, a majority of members opted for appeasement rather than principle. Let's hope a satisfied President demands no more lethal tribute in the days to come.

Another kind of contradiction arose last week after Director of Central Intelligence Casey and Assistant Secretary of State Enders confided to selected Representatives that the U.S.-backed guerrilla war against Nicaragua would succeed in overthrowing the Sandinist government by the end of the year. When the war makers' prophecy turned up in the press, they denied it all. Once again, the Administration had successfully manipulated Congress and the public to abet the progress of its unaudited action in Central America.

The week's final contradiction appeared in the Supreme Court, where eight Justices upheld the ban on tax exemptions for racist schools, which the Administration sought to remove. Chief Justice Burger's righteous outrage at the government's position only points up how far President Reagan would go to roll back progress made in civil rights over the last thirty years.

The Burger court provides a thin safety net for the victims of executive action or Congressional confusion. Unfortunately, there is not much opposition in Washington these days to the Administration's military policies. Democrats and some Republicans hedge on tax cuts and "revenue enhancement," but for the most part the budget battle is a diversion from the urgent issues of war and peace. There, Reagan seems to be dissolving all contradictions to his assertion of power.

BRITAIN'S MISSILE ELECTION
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DEMOCRATIC CENTRISM

'INDUSTRIAL POLICY'—NOW THE BAD NEWS

SAMUEL BOWLES, DAVID M. GORDON AND THOMAS E. WEISSKOPF

Despite indications that the economy is staging a short-term recovery, it continues to stagger under the weight of long-term stagflation. Democrats are racing to devise plausible alternatives to Reaganomics, and to package them with attractive slogans that will captivate the voters in 1984 as the Republicans' supply-side proclamations did in 1980.

Among those Democratic alternatives, "industrial policy" is rapidly emerging as the front-runner with both candidates and liberal pundits. The proposals advanced under that rubric sound appealing and sensible—especially in comparison with the heartlessness and voodoo economics of the Republicans. But within the fold of industrial policy there are some wolves in sheep's clothing—proposals that pose a threat to democratic politics or whose internal contradictions emerge under close scrutiny. Progressives should think twice before leaping into the arms of corporatists and neoliberals, no matter how egalitarian their rhetoric. We shall take a critical look at the economic assumptions of industrial policy and then propose a democratic alternative. The contrasts between the two should clarify the political issues in the current economic debate.

Proponents of industrial policy occupy the center of the political spectrum, and they are just as frightened of the social and political consequences of Reaganomics as leftists and progressives. For example, Felix Rohatyn, a Wall Street investment banker and a leading corporatist spokesman, warned recently in *The New*

(*Continued on Page 704*)

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LETTERS.

THE LEFT'S 'ANTIGAY BIGOTRY'

Philadelphia

I was glad to see Andrew Kopkind's "The Return of Cold War Liberalism" printed in *The Nation* [April 23], even though he takes scant notice of left-wing socialists who are certainly anti-Leninist, if not quite anti-communist. (Daniel Singer's articles in *The Nation* are good examples of a truly democratic and socialist tendency.) But as a socialist and a gay liberationist, I think Kopkind missed one golden opportunity in responding to his critics ["Letters," May 21]. He simply ignored David Denby's antigay bigotry. Perhaps Kopkind thought he'd be taken more seriously as a political writer by doing so, but any concession to such bigotry is a political matter.

Criticizing Kopkind, Denby suggests that writers at *The Village Voice* gave little support to Solidarity because it was "a movement composed of nonviolent political rebels who staunchly believe in family and church."

Denby accuses Kopkind and other *Voice* writers of "checking out on the left in the late 1970s" to celebrate "life styles" instead. Solidarity is a grass-roots workers' movement and deserves support, but there is no good reason to support the church as well. I gladly support the right of Christians to choose *their* own life styles—just get the Pontiff off my gay back.

Denby also complains that Kopkind wrote "immense pieces in *The Voice* on Calvin Klein, disco music and dancing, and gays in New York City as 'an affectional community.' " He also writes, "If the American left, as Kopkind says, hardly exists anymore, he must assume his portion of the blame." I've got some news for Denby: If the left in this country is so prehistoric, the blame lies less with folks like Kopkind who wrote about disco in *The Voice* than with the folks who trashed disco as decadent in the pages of *In These Times*. If the left in this country has been left behind, the blame must be taken by leftist heavies who couldn't understand that the women's and gay movements are, indeed, political.

Goodbye, goodbye to any leftist who gives his or her abstract blessing to my "human rights"—as long as I stay in the closet—but who expresses contempt for me and my kind when we build "an affectional community." Denby may dismiss this as life style; I call it politics. As Emma Goldman said, "If I can't dance I don't want to be part of your revolution." Speaking as a commie queer who loves to dance, I urge all people of all sexual persuasions to stay away from Denby's revolution in droves. *Scott Tucker*

KOPKIND REPLIES

New York City

In contemplating the stack of letters about my article, heavy with contentions and emendations on every conceivable point, I decided to travel the high road and ignore gratuitous insults and fatuous arguments. I see now that I was wrong, at least on the matter Scott Tucker raises. Denby's homophobic comments are not nearly as idiosyncratic as they seem at first. In fact, they express an important feature of the new cold war liberal consciousness: a backlash to the "liberationist" politics of the last generation. It is a reaction against feminism as well as the gay movement, against dancing and drugs, against street politics, communal life and the revolution of the spirit.

It is curious, to say the least, that hostility to homosexuality seems to be one of the organizing principles of that reaction. I've watched that mean streak work its way into the purportedly "political" criticisms of a number of post-1960s writers who have come to attack the left of that period. Denby has been at it for years, looking for homosexuals under his bed the way old cold warriors searched for Reds under theirs. Now Paul Berman, who has twice criticized my piece in his own *Village Voice*, joins that pack. In a recent review of Clifford Odets's *Waiting for Lefty*, he said:

> A further difficulty turns the evening into an unintentional joke. Homosexual mannerisms run amok. Taxi drivers and Communists as well as Nazis twinkle prettily. . . . The outbreak of class consciousness at the end of *Lefty*, recited by one of these actor-producers, is scarcely to be believed. "HELLO AMERICA! HELLO. WE'RE STORMBIRDS OF THE WORKING CLASS," he says, and you shake your head at the intonation. He cries out: "Well, what's the answer?" And *Lefty*'s immortal ending rises to an unusual climax. "STWIKE!" the drivers seem to shout. "STWIKE! STWIKE! STWIKE!"

Berman and Denby and many others who pollute the public print with such abuse consider themselves Lefties. And maybe they are. But theirs is the politics of fear and loathing, and it belies the high ideals they profess. *Andrew Kopkind*

FINLAND'S SURVIVAL

Dover, N.H.

The Nation and T.M. Pasca deserve commendation for "'Finlandization' and the Finns" [May 21]. Pasca's article confirms a viewpoint I've long felt must be true, namely, that Russia can't be the insatiable ogre we're told it is if tiny Finland is surviving—even prospering—practically under Russia's very nose!

The reason Finland is surviving must be more than some kind of live-and-let-live policy, or some sentimental noblesse oblige proffered by the Russians. Which, as Pasca aptly points out, makes the term "Finlandization" a damning stereotype and raises the question: Why are we Americans, or the West, so blindly gullible or implacably fearful?

Being a first-generation Finnish-American, I am keenly aware of the virulent hatred most Finns had, or still have, for the Russians. We cannot forget what happened during the Winter War. We vividly recall how, before gaining independence, Finland was rent by civil war between the Whites and the Reds. This was but the culmination of a long-smoldering animosity. The music of Sibelius, notably his "Finlandia" tone poem, is an eloquent testament to the Finns' struggle for freedom.

Like a phoenix, Finland has risen from the ashes of a devastating degradation. Surely it took more than *sisu* (guts) to accomplish nationhood and, in addition, a *Realpolitik* neutrality. And, surely, Finns could not have done so were the Russians the unmitigated monsters our paranoiac military-industrial complex makes them out to be.

Rev. J. Henry Hanhisalo

U.S. POLICY IN LATIN AMERICA

Palo Alto, Calif.

Michael Massing writes that, in regard to Grenada, "the Reagan Administration has expended its energy on a policy of bluster, threat and intimidation—which has helped achieve the opposite of what was intended" ["Unlikely Cold War Hot Spot," *The Nation*, May 14]. I wonder. If we concentrate on what has been done, instead of what has been said, and employ the old legal presumption that people usually intend the consequences of their actions, a different possibility emerges.

In Cuba, Nicaragua, El Salvador and now Grenada, the United States has focused so much hostile pressure on the left that it has had to turn to outside help. Then the United States makes that outside help the issue. On the surface, this policy seems to foster (indeed, virtually compel) the very thing it purports to oppose—but is this stupidity or guile? Perhaps the United States does not fear a Cuban or even a Soviet presence in Central America as much as it fears revealing that an impulse toward socialism can spring from the problems and needs of the people.

Laurent B. Frantz

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double-spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so please bear with us.

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EDITORIALS.

The Medvedev Story

Principled political dissidence never prospers; it is unwelcome at home and abhorred abroad, and has no friend beyond its own kind. The dissidence of Roy Medvedev, the Soviet historian, is grounded in a libertarian socialism that sits poorly with the unimaginative authorities in Moscow, where he lives. No surprises there; but what must be particularly poignant for Medvedev is that he has lately come under sharp attack in New York City, where his writings have been published (*Let History Judge: The Origins and Consequences of Stalinism, inter alia*) and where *dissidentniki* are usually greeted as heroes.

Medvedev's problems with the K.G.B. have a long history. For two decades he has written of the crimes and betrayals of successive Soviet regimes, and he has edited collections of *samizdat*—illegal, underground manuscripts. He has been forthright in the advocacy of democratic, socialist reform of the bureaucratic system. After an interview with Walter Cronkite for American television in 1981, Medvedev was harassed by the police; his apartment was searched and research materials were confiscated. Last winter, he was summoned by the K.G.B. and warned against making "slanderous" anti-Soviet statements.

His troubles with Americans began multiplying about that time as well. In a long "Letter From Moscow" published in *The New Yorker* in January, the liberal columnist Joseph Kraft called Medvedev a "tub thumper" for Yuri

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Andropov, and said he now enjoys the Soviet leader's "protection." In April, the PBS program *Inside Story* implied that Medvedev was flacking for Andropov to the American press. Here are excerpts from an exchange between the program's host, former State Department spokesman Hodding Carter, former National Security Council member Richard Pipes and former ABC Moscow correspondent Anne Garrels:

> Pipes: This almost certainly is K.G.B. disinformation. . . . They began to spread stories . . . that this man [Andropov] isn't what he seems. . . . He is sophisticated, speaks English, likes Scotch, listens to jazz. . . .
>
> Carter: Another who spread that story was the Marxist historian Roy Medvedev, one of the last critical voices inside the Soviet Union permitted to speak out to Western reporters. . . .
>
> Garrels: Any time you hear a Moscow correspondent say high-level sources have told so-and-so, forget it. They haven't. A high-level source is usually one person . . . Roy Medvedev. . . .
>
> Carter: Is it useful that so many of you relied so much on one person?
>
> Garrels: No, it's terrible, obviously. . . .

The following week, *Inside Story* broadcast the second part of its program on American news-gathering in Russia, and included about forty-five seconds of an interview with Medvedev in Moscow. But he was not confronted with those earlier charges and was permitted only to answer rather banal questions about Kremlin power shifts.

Carter is "almost certainly" dead wrong about Medvedev's role in the spread of silly stories about Andropov's hip habits. According to Edward Jay Epstein's exhaustive study of such tales in *The New Republic* ("The Andropov File," February 7), all that jazz was primarily the invention of a low-level Soviet defector named Vladimir Sakharov, who fabricated stories to win points with the C.I.A.

But the truth is almost beside the point. The attack on Medvedev—mounted in the PBS program by the fierce cold warrior Pipes and joined eagerly by the liberal Carter—seems to be designed to discredit him and delegitimize his political ideas for American audiences. For Medvedev takes a position subversive of the current view in Washington, which sees Russia as an evil society on the brink of collapse, to be replaced (if the apocalypse doesn't come first) by some variant of capitalist order. All dissidents say that the Soviet regimes have betrayed the Russian past, but most of them mean the age of the czars. Medvedev argues that the present rules have betrayed their Marxist beginnings, and that a better socialism can replace the one that has failed. That is not a principle upon which a winning cold war can be waged.

The real inside story about Medvedev is that he is the one dissident inside Russia who cannot be handled by the American dis-, mis- or meta-information specialists. He will not be lured by opportunities for status in the Washington world. He is no mad czarist, but one of the few sources for intelligent and accurate analysis of Soviet current events. He is "useful," as Carter put it, but his position and his principles make him lonely and alone as well.

The Road Warriors

In April, two journalists from New York State visited Nicaragua. With an Italian reporter based in Managua, they toured the country by car to get an accurate picture of the fighting. One of them, Rekha Basu, sent us the following account.

It was about 10 A.M. We had left Managua at dawn, heading for the Nicaraguan-Honduran border. The road we were on wound upward into the hills. At the military base in Ocotal, a few miles back, we had been told that all was quiet and that it was safe for us to proceed.

At the foot of a bluff on the right side of the road, we saw several men in the blue-green clothing worn, we had heard, by the anti-Sandinists. Waving furiously, one of them flagged us down.

"Where are you going?" he demanded in Spanish.

"To Jalapa," replied the driver.

He looked us up and down, apparently making sure we were foreigners, then hurriedly waved us on. "Go! Go! Go!"

Two of his companions raced up the hill. One crouched at the top, pointing his rifle at us as we drove away. A jeep carrying four coffee plantation workers and a Sandinist soldier went by in the opposite direction.

No sooner had we rounded the corner than we heard shots. The driver hit the brakes. The car lurched to a halt. Two more jeeps, following the first one, stopped across the road from us. We listened to the gunfire and saw clouds of smoke rise behind the hill. Then we drove on.

Seven hours later we returned to the spot to find the first jeep still burning. The other two had been destroyed, the coffee beans they were carrying burned to ashes.

Later, the police in Ocotal told us that the men who had stopped us were *contras*. After we had driven on, 200 more had attacked the jeeps, killing a soldier and a civilian and seriously injuring several others. The day before, the police said, *contras* had used explosives to set fire to a nearby bridge. In the past week, not a day had gone by without a raid.

Around the border town of El Porvenir, we saw acres of tobacco fields that had been completely burned, along with the curing sheds. A Sandinist soldier patrolling the area told us that the devastation was the work of *contras* who had crossed the border five days earlier. Some of the raiders, he said, had broken into a house and shot at a woman and two small children.

Agricultural workers and government officials told us that rape, torture, kidnapping and murder are the *contras*' preferred tactics. According to a leader of the Sandinist Defense Committee, many of their weapons could only have come from the U.S. Army. In a brief visit to northern Nicaragua we had seen Reagan's "freedom fighters" for what they are: brutal, indiscriminate killers.

REKHA BASU

Rekha Basu is a reporter for The Daily Freeman, *in Kingston, New York.*

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Missile Election

London

British voters will go to the polls for the June 9 general elections with two main issues on their minds. Their number-one concern is jobs, and next, according to public opinion surveys, is nuclear disarmament. The rising interest in the latter owes much to the efforts of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (C.N.D.), which has staged a strong comeback in recent years after sliding into obscurity during the late 1960s. That the new visibility of the nuclear issue will translate into votes against Margaret Thatcher's government is doubtful, however. As Joan Ruddock, the group's chairwoman, admitted, "Unhappily, there is a failure in the public mind to link the issues of cruise and Trident with the way in which they vote."

The snag is that defense remains a Tory issue. When voters are asked to name the areas on which the Labor Party is strongest, they mention reducing unemployment and improving the National Health Service. But when it comes to national security, they trust the Tories. Paradoxically, many of these same people share the Labor Party's and the C.N.D.'s opposition to the deployment of cruise missiles in Britain this year and to the replacement of the nation's submarine-launched Polaris missiles with the new, costly Tridents.

The key to this paradox is that the Labor Party is widely seen as favoring unilateral disarmament, of which most Britons disapprove. Actually, the Labor platform shies away from making a clear-cut endorsement of unilateral disarmament, but the party is considered to have the backing of the C.N.D., and party leader Michael Foot's unilateralist views are well known. During his campaign, which began in the economically devastated streets of Glasgow, he has made jobs and peace his two main planks.

The Tories have hit back hard. They know they are vulnerable on jobs but think they can win on defense. So if Foot merges the two, it is all right with them. Recently, the Tories took out double-page newspaper advertisements listing fifteen "commitments" voters who choose Labor would allegedly be endorsing. Among them was the following: "I agree that Britain should now abandon the nuclear deterrent which has preserved peace in Europe for nearly forty years. I fully understand that the Russians are not likely to follow suit."

One of the first signs that Prime Minister Thatcher would hold early elections was her appointment, in January, of Michael Heseltine as Defense Secretary. He is a florid orator and the darling of Tory Party conferences. When the C.N.D. held its big Easter demonstration in London, Heseltine made a stagy appearance at the Berlin wall, as the television cameras rolled on. He kicked off the current campaign by accusing the C.N.D. of promoting "the cause of the Soviet Union at the expense of the free societies of the West." More than half of the members of the C.N.D.'s national council are left-wingers, he said—"ranging through the Labor Party to the Communists."

The charge probably stuck, even though there are few Communists or former Communists in the upper echelons of the C.N.D. (In a follow-up blow, Heseltine claimed, with equal inaccuracy, that nuclear disarmament would increase unemployment.) To be sure, there are no Tories on the C.N.D. council, and few voters of the conservative persuasion are among the group's supporters.

Indeed, the association with the Labor Party may hurt the C.N.D. in the long run. Like all single-issue groups, its strength derives from seeming to be above politics. Its basic appeal has always been to ethics and morality, rather than to partisan interests. Certainly the C.N.D. has never espoused any one "line." Rather, its leadership speaks with many voices, ranging from that of E.P. Thompson, who emphasizes European nuclear disarmament, to those of Joan Ruddock and the group's secretary, Msgr. Bruce Kent, both of whom are high-minded leftists with a talent for organizing. Prominent in the ranks are the determined and telegenic women demonstrating at Greenham Common.

The shepherding of such diverse people into the Labor camp is bad news for the C.N.D. Before Thatcher called the elections, a member of her staff described the peace movement as a "postindustrial style of politics and behavior. It is hard for politicians to grasp. It leaves Leninism behind. It is not hierarchical. To try to explain it, people fall back on conspiracy theory. But it is a much more libertarian concept of radicalism . . . not focused on particular leaders or central committees."

No one can say that the nuclear issue has not received its fair share of attention in this election. Channel 4, a new TV channel, had a special "Defense Week" of programming, and the C.N.D. organized a door-to-door "peace canvas." The first Labor Party leaflet to come through my mail slot was not about a candidate but about nuclear disarmament.

If the Tories win, the C.N.D. must consider that its case has been put to the electorate and voted down. Even if Labor wins (or forms a coalition government with the Liberals and Social Democrats), the victory will not be on the single issue of nuclear disarmament. The Labor Party embraces a broad spectrum of views. Not all its leaders agree with Foot—particularly his deputy, Denis Healey, and Roy Hattersley, one of several putative heirs-apparent to his post. If Labor is victorious, the C.N.D. will simply be one of many interest groups competing for the Prime Minister's ear.

What undermined the C.N.D. in the 1960s, in part, was the signing of the test-ban treaty in 1963, which dampened its members' ardor. A "dual-key" agreement on the cruise missiles, allowing Britain to share control over their use, might have the same effect today. As is true with all mass movements, the C.N.D.'s support is volatile; it could vanish as quickly as it appeared. Knowledge of that fact must make the current elections worrisome for the movement's leaders, belying their public optimism.

PAUL BARKER

Paul Barker is the editor of New Society.

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SOVIETICUS.

STEPHEN F. COHEN

The extraordinary importance of the economic reforms under way in China is dramatized by their absence in the Soviet Union. Simply put, the Chinese Communist Party has rehabilitated the lost economic alternative to Stalinism, while the Soviet leadership continues to reject that still compelling solution to its own problems. If China's act of reclamation succeeds, it could change the face of modern Communism.

In 1921, after three years of imposing centralized controls on economic life, Lenin's government introduced the New Economic Policy. NEP, which established a mixed economy, was the first experiment in market socialism. The Soviet state retained control of large-scale manufacturing and heavy industry, the banking and transportation systems and foreign trade. But peasant agriculture, small manufacturing, service industries and retail trade became the preserves of private enterprise. Profit making and competition were encouraged.

NEP sought to achieve balanced modernization by combining consumerism with production, private incentives with nationalization and the market with flexible state planning. Although the dictatorship of the Communist Party continued, economic liberalization brought about a still unequaled degree of liberalization in Soviet political and cultural life during the 1920s. NEP created new problems, but by 1926 the country had recovered from the famine and industrial ruin of 1921. The 1920s are still remembered as the "golden era" in Soviet history.

How NEP would have shaped Soviet Communism remains a controversial question, because the entire market system was abolished in 1929 by Stalin as "rotten liberalism." In its place, he created the present-day Soviet system based on virtually complete state ownership of the economy, the suppression of market relations and a hypercentralized apparatus of command-planning and control. Until Stalin died, in 1953, advocating NEP-like solutions to Soviet or Eastern European economic problems was dangerous.

But the rehabilitation of NEP has been an inexorable temptation to ruling Communist parties ever since Stalin's death. Wherever economic reformers have gained influence over policy, they have moved away from the monopolistic Stalinist model and toward a mixed economy—in Yugoslavia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and even East Germany. Until recently, however, there were two important holdouts: China and the Soviet Union.

Citing the example of "fraternal" parties in Eastern Europe and invoking Lenin's authority, Soviet reformers have urged NEP-like solutions to their own problems of economic shortages and lagging modernization since the early 1960s, but to almost no avail. Even a modest managerial reform in 1965 was undermined by vested bureaucratic interests and then withdrawn by the leadership after Soviet tanks crushed the reformist Czech government in 1968. The "necessity" for that intervention reinforced the official axiom that "rightist" market reforms may sometimes be politically acceptable in small Communist countries, but never in large peasant ones like the Soviet Union.

Herein lies the ramifying importance of de-Maoization. The Chinese leadership began making economic reforms in 1978, and now it is constructing a virtual replica of Lenin's NEP. A large private sector is developing alongside state enterprises; profit incentives and market relations are being encouraged, especially among China's vast peasantry. China's NEP is causing problems similar to those in Russia in the 1920s, e.g., growing income differentials, bureaucratic upheaval and unemployment. But its accomplishments are impressive. The annual growth of agricultural output has doubled and peasant income has tripled.

Nor are the Chinese unaware that they have borrowed the Soviet Union's lost alternative. Economists and historians now openly express deep interest in the Soviet 1920s. Even more remarkable, they have politically rehabilitated the most famous Soviet defender of NEP, Nikolai Bukharin, whom Stalin executed as an "enemy of the people" in 1938. While Bukharin's name still cannot be mentioned in the Soviet press except to epitomize "rightist deviation," an American biography of him has just been published in China.

The full impact of China's NEP on Soviet politics remains to be seen. Commenting on Chinese developments, ranking Soviet *nepists* have begun to call more insistently for "urgent structural reforms." They have been emboldened, in part, by the rise of Yuri Andropov, with whom they were once associated. If Sino-Soviet détente is achieved, and China again becomes a "fraternal country," Soviet reformers will have new arguments against their conservative opposition. China, after all, is an even more populous and potentially unruly country than the Soviet Union. They will also argue that while the Soviet Union recommends NEP, not its own Stalinist model, to Third World countries, China practices what it preaches.

But achieving even a limited NEP in the Soviet Union—for example, legalizing unofficial urban markets and increasing private plots on collective farms—will involve a major political struggle. Millions of planners, managers, petty officials and workers have job security under the existing system, the equivalent of China's "iron rice bowl," and thus are adamantly opposed to any efficiency-oriented reforms. Some Soviet reformers privately lament, "We may need another strong leader to impose changes, but what if he is a new Stalin?" Moreover, unlike China, the Soviet Union is engaged in a costly and dangerous superpower rivalry, which dissuades its leaders from taking any domestic risks or shifting investment priorities.

Nonetheless, China's NEP, which involves many of the same political conflicts, may give Soviet reformers their best chance to challenge the Stalinist economic system since the 1960s. That prospect alone is profoundly ironic. In the 1920s, Soviet Communists liked to say that the missing European revolution was unfolding in China. Now it may be the long-overdue Soviet reform.

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CALVIN TRILLIN

"You're more concerned with eating than with the serious issues of our time," I was told by Harold the Committed during what had been up to then a pleasant dinner in Chinatown. It's a line that Harold, our neighborhood causemeister, has been harping on ever since he tried to persuade my daughter to go to the Greenwich Village Halloween parade as Emma Goldman and she decided to go as a chocolate-chocolate-chip ice-cream cone with chocolate sprinkles instead. Some people are sore losers.

"Could you please pass the fried stuffed bean curd, Hal the C?" I said. It was the only retort I could think of right offhand, but a couple of bites of the bean curd reminded me that I had, in fact, been a vocal supporter of the Chinese Cultural Revolution—a point I raised as I reached for the lo mein with ginger and scallions.

"I know all about that," Harold the Committed said. "I know you were just hoping that the Red Guards would drive the best chefs off to Hong Kong where you might be able to get at them."

So? It's true that when the Red Guards inspired Harold the Committed to pass out leaflets saying "Export the Revolution!" I was saying "Export the Recipes!" So what? So what if my daughter prefers chocolate to anarcho-syndicalism? I reminded Harold of a few great quotations—"Enlightened self-interest is the cornerstone of democracy," for instance, and "The sins of the ice-cream cone are not visited upon the father"—but he seemed unimpressed.

"You are not a serious person," he said, as he examined a piece of bean curd and then launched into an explanation of the role soybeans might play in making the Third World agriculturally self-sufficient.

I didn't want to say anything to that—my mouth happened to be full—but I was surprised that Harold the Committed had already forgotten the serious political commitment I had displayed only weeks before, while I was downing shashlik at one of the Brighton Beach restaurants the recent Russian immigrants have opened and discussing how to find out which of the new Greek places in Astoria was worth trying. "You will find nobody more passionate in his support of the liberalization of immigration laws than I am," I had said. "Let the Russians in—particularly if we can find some who have a slightly lighter touch with dumplings! Let the Greeks in! Certainly let the Italians in! Let most of Thailand in! I will resist with every fiber in my being any attempt to go back to the racist quota system that for so long kept a decent supply of stuffed paratha and chicken vindaloo from these shores!"

Talk about commitment! Where was Harold when the immigration laws were changed to give priority to reuniting families and I began looking for people willing to sign affidavits swearing that they were blood relatives of the six top *crabes farcis* cooks in Martinique?

"You are callous about the fate of baby seals," Harold said, as he passed me the pan-fried flounder.

"That's not a very nice thing to say to somebody, Hal the C," I said between bites. If there's pressure on the seal herd, as the environmentalists would put it, it's not of my doing. The only seal recipe I ever heard of was brought back from Greenland by a linguist studying Eskimo dialects. It began, "Kill and gut one seal, fill the body cavity with auks, bury in sand, dig up in six months." That's not the sort of thing likely to transform me into someone who is always storming into the butcher shop (or would it be the fish market?) to demand a steady supply of seal. "I'm innocent of seal demand, Hal the C," I said. "If you start talking about lessening the pressure on the Peking duck flock, of course, that's another story."

Before Harold could accuse me of being an extinctionist, I assured him I would be in the forefront of any movement to make certain that there are enough Peking ducks to make more Peking ducks; they are born, as I understand it, wrapped in a pancake that also includes scallions, celery and hoisin sauce. It's only reasonable, though, to have priorities in these matters. If someone came to me and said, "The Jell-O mold as we know it is threatened with extinction," I would not rush to the barricades. I wouldn't lift a finger to save whatever beast it is that produces Surf 'n Turf, a dish popular in the sort of phony, overpriced restaurants that under a more enlightened immigration policy will eventually be replaced by Sicilian fish houses and Cambodian noodle shops. (The surfnturf, as I have always envisioned it, is a tiny, aquatic Hereford that has horns and a shell—a beast that moves through the depths slowly, in herds, and can both moo and draw flies under water.)

"I've heard that during the American adventure in Vietnam there were a lot of nights when you watched Julia Child reruns instead of the war," Harold said.

Was I in a Chinese restaurant or a Pol Pot re-education camp? Whatever happened to the days when what we discussed in Chinatown was whether the braised fish at the next table looked better than what we were having? Also, that happened to be a low blow. I watched the war. I was tuned in for the entire conflict. I was concerned. I was reacting. When Saigon fell and American helicopters hovered above the desperate crowd of people trying to escape from the embassy compound, I was the one who sat in front of his television set and shouted, "Get the chefs! Get the chefs!"

Are we talking about environmentalism? Then who was it who wanted to save part of the earth's irreplaceable supply of natural gas by mandating that all barbecue joints cook on real hickory wood? Are we talking about anticolonialism? Who has been the person most vocal in his denunciation of the British Empire's effort to impose on untold millions of Third World people its belief that vegetables must be kept boiling as long as Parliament is in session?

"The world could be destroyed any moment by a nuclear holocaust," Harold the Committed said.

"That's true, Hal the C," I said, reaching for a platter. "So it's silly to leave any of this lo mein."

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ARTICLES.

THE WORD ACCORDING TO BOK—I

Living With the Bomb at Harvard

ANDREW KOPKIND

When Harvard University encounters nuclear weaponry it is in the manner of a meeting of equals. America's premier intellectual enterprise and America's pre-eminent political concern both command the center of national attention; there they compete for money, media and moral influence. No wonder, then, that Harvard's historic treatment of the nuclear issue* is written with the kind of respect, reasonableness—even grudging affection—that one rival is expected to show for another. It's a pity that the bomb is in no position to return the favor.

In his commencement address a year ago, president Derek Bok announced that Harvard, as an institution, was joining the nuclear debate. Bok was inspired by the columnist James Reston, the middlebrow muse of *The New York Times*, who had written that decisions about nuclear weapons were being influenced more by political demonstration than by public education. It was the week before the massive rally in New York City for a nuclear freeze. All spring, New England towns within a stone's throw of Harvard Yard had been passing antinuclear resolutions. An uncommon political excitement energized college campuses that had snoozed through the 1970s. "So far," Reston had written, "the demonstrators have outnumbered the educators" in mobilizing the public response to fear of nuclear war.

The Bok Initiative, as it came to be called around Cambridge, offered a Harvard education, of sorts, as a substitute for the burgeoning political movement. It came in three unequal parts. In his first two points, Bok proposed courses and meetings for the university community and "reach-out" programs for reporters on nuclear matters. The principal throw weight of the initiative, however, would be provided by a book, the projectile of choice in any academic arsenal.

Bok wanted the book to be "an objective account of the basic facts about nuclear arms control." Although, he said, no single book could express all the views on the subject represented in the university, the study would have his personal imprimatur and would express Harvard's "institutional responsibility to educate the public as a whole." Accordingly, five of the institution's most responsible figures were detailed to produce the study. All are members of one or both of Harvard's foreign policy institutes, the Center for Science and International Affairs (C.S.I.A.) and the Center for International Affairs (C.F.I.A.—the "F" is given capital status for obvious reasons). They were:

Paul Doty, a chemist by profession. He had worked on the Manhattan Project as a young man, and much later had served in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. He then raised a bundle from McGeorge Bundy's Ford Foundation and set up the C.S.I.A., which he now runs out of the John F. Kennedy School of Government (a semiautonomous Harvard property) "pretty much as his own shop," as another study group member remarked. Bundy and Doty share an interest in arms control at the highest diplomatic level, and Doty has a reputation as a private go-between for U.S. government interests in Soviet-American dealings.

Samuel Huntington, director of the C.F.I.A., an outfit more integrated than Doty's into Harvard's Arts and Sciences structure. The two centers vie for privileges and perquisites in the Cambridge constellation. Huntington earned the sobriquet "Mad Dog" for his part in setting up the pacification program in South Vietnam during the late war, and he continues to represent the cold war faction in the foreign policy establishment. He served on Jimmy Carter's National Security Council.

Albert Carnesale, academic dean of the Kennedy School, attached to the Doty "shop." He was a SALT negotiator under President Nixon and headed a delegation to the international nuclear fuel recycling talks under President Carter.

Stanley Hoffmann, chairman of Harvard's Center for European Studies. He is associated with the C.F.I.A., although he habitually plays dove to Huntington's hawk (or, it is sometimes said, pussycat to the mad dog). Alone among the five he has never been in government, and yet he seems perennially poised for power in the next liberal Democratic administration.

Joseph Nye Jr., who has feet in both foreign policy centers, and so swings between the two academic power blocs. He was in Carter's State Department and is often touted for a high office in a future administration.

The careers and institutional affiliations of the members of the study group are not startling, but they are significant as markers for the larger meaning of the book it produced. *Living with Nuclear Weapons* is not, after all, simply an academic treatise untouched by the heated political atmosphere in which it appears. Despite Bok's insistence that it serve as a kind of neutral fact sheet for the public, the book performs a political act, as much by its nature as by its prose. And its nature is informed by the interests, the constituencies, the histories and the aspirations of its authors, as well as by the leading role in society its sponsoring university plays.

Bok wanted the study ready for commencement this year so he might announce that his promise was fulfilled on the anniversary of its promulgation. The study group worked through the fall term, aided by the usual complement of graduate student writers and researchers, and had a draft ready just after the New Year. There was a great deal of

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**Living with Nuclear Weapons.* By The Harvard Nuclear Study Group: Albert Carnesale, Paul Doty, Stanley Hoffmann, Samuel P. Huntington, Joseph S. Nye Jr., Scott D. Sagan. With a foreword by Derek Bok. Harvard University Press and Bantam Books (268 pp. $12.95. Paper $3.95).

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wrangling and lobbying in round-the-clock sessions. "On the 30th and 31st of December, when the mind usually turns to other matters, we had an eighteen-hour meeting," Hoffmann told me. "Some colleagues were piqued at not being included in the group," he continued. "Nuclear expertise at this university is not limited to these five experts."

The draft was sent to more than a dozen outsiders for comments. Some made minor suggestions; others, like Thomas Schelling, a strategic studies specialist, who submitted a forty-page essay, were more generous with their views. "Outsiders helped us erode one chapter with which I particularly disagreed," Hoffmann reported; given his history of disagreement with Huntington, it's not hard to imagine who was most responsible for the offending segment. At the end, the professors elevated Scott Sagan, a graduate student under Hoffmann and Huntington, to a co-authorship credit for his work on the book.

What finally emerged was a dense and somewhat uneven document which appears to have been "negotiated," as several critics have noted, rather than written. Its organizing principle, if one can be discerned, is the creation of a "center" in the nuclear debate between the "extremes" of radical disarmament and frenzied militarization, as the authors conceive the spectrum. "It will be criticized by people to the right and the left," Nye told me with a certain satisfaction. "There are not many Edward Tellers or Jonathan Schells among us."

Bok hoped that the book would be factual rather than prescriptive, but when the authors got down to work they realized that analysis logically entails recommendation. For example, the "facts" of America's strategic requirements in nuclear delivery systems inevitably lead to a conclusion about the need for the B-1 bomber. The group is against that weapon. But the facts lead the authors to favor deployment of new missiles in Europe and development of the Stealth bomber.

Factual analysis also tells the authors to oppose a full nuclear freeze, to disregard George Kennan's proposal to cut the missile stock by 50 percent, and to reserve opinion on a "no first use" policy. On the other hand, the facts compel them to argue for moderation in arms-spending increases, for continued arms control negotiations and against abrogation of the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty. About the MX, they concede "merit in the arguments on both sides."

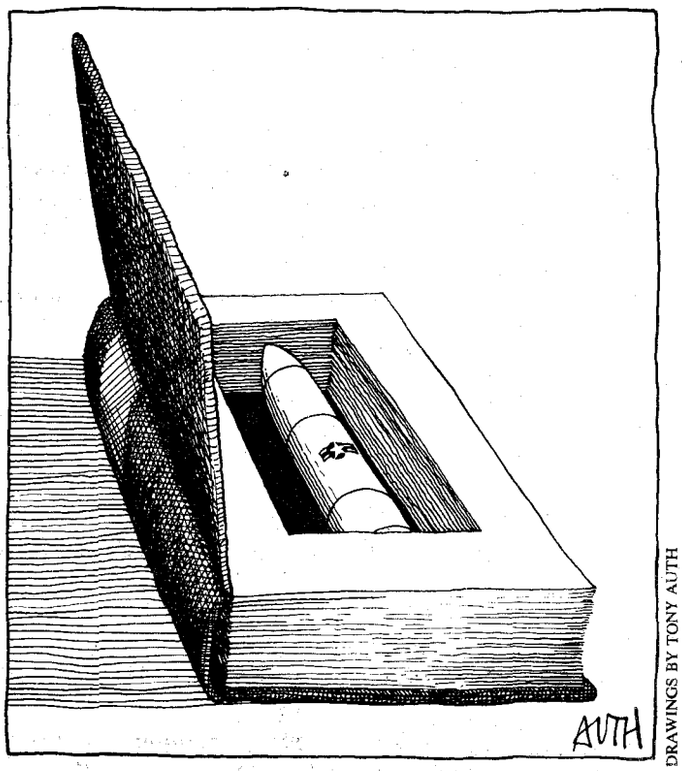
Hoffmann finds the recommendations "wishy-washy," the "lowest common denominator" of the various opinions in the group. But the political gravity of the book is centered in the analytical section, which is less factual and much more prescriptive than the authors acknowledge.

"We didn't talk about the shape of the political debate," Nye recalled. "We talked about the issues." In fact, the shape of the debate seems to have been understood without discussion, but it is a definite shape nonetheless. It postulates a Hobbesian world of all against all, where only a "balancing act" can avert mutual assured destruction. Deterrence is an unassailable corollary of that postulate. Since the authors live in the bosom of American policy, they see Soviet wolves, in the Hobbesian sense, at every door.

American interests around the world are not questioned, whether they involve Middle Eastern oil, Central American tribute, Far Eastern markets. That American nuclear strategy may be marshaled to advance imperial interests rather than to deter Soviet aggression is a notion which never pops into view. John Kennedy's management of the Cuban missile crisis is invoked reverentially to exemplify the persistence of the Soviet military threat and the need for forceful deterrence. No mention here of Kennedy's hostile and aggressive policy toward the Cuban revolution, or his crusade to open the Third World to American influence and control.

The unarticulated political function of *Living with Nuclear Weapons* is directly connected to the unexamined political statement of the global condition which the study offers. A status-quo description must deliver a status-quo prescription: deterrence rather than disarmament. Jonathan Schell argued in *The Fate of the Earth* that it is necessary to "reinvent politics" in order to avert the nuclear holocaust. The Harvard professors have their hearts and minds set on the politics that exist in what they see as the "real world." Schell's suggestion would reinvent them out of jobs, identities, positions of power. For it would reinvent their real world.

The freeze and disarmament movements are small attempts to begin the reinvention process, and academic and diplomatic experts—joined in the Harvard study group—are anxious about the process. Harvard is hip-deep in the intellectual apparatus of the national security state. Its two international affairs centers constitute an informal brain trust for strategic policy making. The competition between them not only increases pressure for their representatives to find



DRAWINGS BY TONY AUTH

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the exact center of the debate; it also encourages them to define the debate in their own terms so that their university can have it. If an institution can *want*, Harvard wants to own the debate over nuclear weapons.

Bok's book is a major effort to assert proprietary rights on the nuclear issue. Its argument is carried on over a terrain—poli-sci analysis and centrist politics—where the authors feel comfortable, and it is aimed at the most worrisome alternative: a popular movement. The cold warriors of the Carter and Reagan Administrations destroyed the old center of the debate, and in the new disruptive conditions that movement started to flourish. *Living with Nuclear Weapons* jumps into the empty center with the old ideas packaged in new academic colors. It's odd, but understandable, how Harvard manages in every generation to give the best and the brightest a bad name. □

THE WORD ACCORDING TO BOK—II

Deregulation In Cambridge

LEWIS M. STEEL

Harvard's president, Derek Bok, in a recent report to the university's Board of Overseers, has rediscovered the obvious: America's legal system is "grossly inequitable and inefficient." Neither the middle class nor the poor receive adequate legal representation, he says. And, sounding like an Eastern Establishment version of Ronald Reagan, he asserts that "the wealthy and the powerful [also] . . . chafe under the burden" of our legal system.

The problems, according to Bok, are caused by "our tangle of laws and legal procedures," which "are the work of judges and bureaucrats over whom the general public has little control." The solutions he proposes include "simpler rules," "less costly proceedings" and "more oversight and coordination" to insure that judicial decisions in particular cases do not have unintended adverse impacts on society as a whole. Bok is concerned that activist judges, seeking to remedy various social ills, make broad rulings that hamper the functioning of many institutions. He suggests that greater use of out-of-court mediation and paralegals would bring down costs, and he calls on the nation's law schools to train students to take a broader, less litigious view of their profession. He also worries that too many of America's brightest college students go on to study law rather than choosing careers that would add to the country's productivity. In short, Bok finds that the causes of the legal system's inequities and inefficiencies are too many laws, too many activist judges, too many lawyers and too much litigation.

None of his diagnoses, however, have much relevance to those at the bottom of the economic ladder, who he says need more legal help and protection. These people typically have only peripheral, albeit extremely painful, contact with our complex legal system. They are put in jail when they commit crimes; they are dispossessed when they cannot pay their rent; their personal property is repossessed when they cannot make their credit payments. Administratively, the law is also no friend to the poor. Rather than help them, bureaucrats use laws to limit their access to benefits.

To be sure, the use of public funds to provide legal representation for those who cannot afford it does ameliorate their day-to-day struggles. Ironically, poverty lawyers often use the inefficiencies of the courts to aid their clients. Legal Services and Legal Aid lawyers delay evictions, keep their clients' gas and electricity on for a few more weeks and slow down criminal cases until prosecutors accept pleas to reduced charges. If Bok really wants to aid the poor, he should call for moratoriums on evictions and utility cutoffs and for massive public works programs. If all people had the right to a job and decent housing, there would be fewer poor people in court and dockets would be significantly reduced. No amount of tinkering with the mechanics of the law will greatly improve its ability to serve the needs of people who struggle against poverty. They need jobs, better housing, good schools and a safety net that works.

Cutting government regulations and bureaucratic red tape may be in the interest of the wealthier classes, but it is unlikely to benefit the poor. Bok cites studies showing that the number of accidents is not reduced by "massive regulations on work-place safety." But it should be obvious that without safety regulations, workers would suffer all sorts of illnesses from exposure to radiation and chemicals, as well as injuries from unsafe tools. Without environmental, health and safety regulations, working people would be thrown back into the sweatshops of the nineteenth century. They would be even more at the mercy of corporate America than they are now.

Harvard's president also criticized laws that require violators to pay treble damages on the ground that they generate court-clogging litigations. In the fields I am familiar with—labor and civil rights—treble-damage penalties would reduce rather than increase litigation. For example, an employer who fires a worker for union activities and is found guilty of an unfair labor practice knows that the most the discharged employee can collect is back wages. As a result, many lawyers working for management advise their clients to fire workers who are trying to organize a union. If employers faced the prospect of paying damages equal to three times the employee's lost wages, perhaps there would be fewer unfair labor practices. The A.F.L.-C.I.O.-backed Labor Law Reform bill, introduced in 1977, included triple-damage penalties for unfair labor practices. In the face of intense corporate opposition in Congress, labor offered to settle for double damages, but ended with no provision at all, as the bill went down to defeat in June 1979.

The penalties imposed on employers who fail to hire or promote minorities and women, or who fire them for discriminatory reasons, are also minimal. The law does not provide compensation for the desperation and humiliation

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of being out of work—let alone double or triple damages. If such penalties were on the books, there might be fewer employment-discrimination suits.

The poor and the middle class wouldn't benefit from Bok's reforms, so he must be talking about meeting the needs of the corporate elite, which he claims is also vexed by the system's burdensome and expensive processes. But it is questionable whether corporate America is terribly bothered by cumbersome regulations, except those that protect the public. Corporations would certainly like to retain other laws and regulations, like those that protect them from many forms of competition. Moreover, the government's rules can be made to work to the advantage of the powerful.

Bok complains that "at Harvard . . . a year of effort and over $100,000 were consumed by the government and parties trying to decide whether to hold an election among the clerical workers in the entire University or only among those working in the Medical School." As Harvard's president sees it, "Even a rich country cannot afford to spend such sums on issues of this kind."

But who was responsible for the expenditure? Harvard. When District 65 of the United Automobile Workers sought a representation election at the medical school campus, in Boston, Harvard objected. The union had organized only workers at that one campus, but Harvard demanded that workers at its Cambridge campus also be included in the voting. The university, represented by Boston's most prestigious law firm, litigated the issue for more than two years. Harvard lost the legal battle before the National Labor Relations Board, but it succeeded in stalling the organizing drive. As a result, the union lost a close election. The U.A.W. is again knocking at Harvard's doors, and it is likely that Bok will unleash his lawyers at future N.L.R.B. hearings. From the university's point of view, it is worth much more than $100,000 to prevent its employees from engaging in collective bargaining. If Bok wants a quick election, the N.L.R.B.'s procedures are not stopping him. All he need do is agree to hold one and stop being litigious. Of course, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. could again attempt to convince Congress to amend the labor laws to eliminate delaying tactics. Bok and Harvard, however, are hardly likely to support such a reform.

But then Bok's entire report is frequently oblivious to differences between theory and practice. He urges law schools to provide more courses in out-of-court conflict resolution, even though changes in the curricula at elite schools like Harvard would have little impact on the way their graduates practice law. With few exceptions, the top students at such schools will join the nation's leading law firms and will take their marching orders from powerful clients, whether they are universities like Harvard or corporate polluters. If their clients wish to tie up opponents in time-consuming litigation, they will do so no matter what they learned in law school. If their clients wish to resolve conflicts through mediation or other less litigious techniques, lawyers will be at the ready to achieve those objectives. If implemented, Bok's suggested changes in legal education might alter the veneer of the legal system, but not the substance.

Absent totalitarianism, the number of lawyers who at one end of the spectrum are kept busy dealing with the concerns of the wealthy and powerful and at the other end are employed to keep the impoverished in line cannot be significantly reduced by improving legal techniques. Only if our economic system is restructured to reduce inequalities and to place the welfare and security of the people before profits will the demand for lawyers diminish. Their numbers will begin to dwindle only if the terms of our social contract become fairer to all. □

TOPS IN TAPS

Reagan's Bullish On Bugging

HERMAN SCHWARTZ

For the second year in a row, wiretapping and bugging by Federal law enforcement agencies have increased. In its annual report on electronic surveillance by Federal and state officials, the Administrative Office of the United States Courts stated that in 1982, the F.B.I. and the Drug Enforcement Administration installed 129 taps and bugs, up from 106 in 1981. Those figures do not include hundreds of electronic surveillances in national security cases. In contrast, the number of taps and bugs installed by state agencies continued to decline from a high of 734 in 1973 to 448 in 1982.

In its first two years, the Reagan Administration authorized an average of 118 taps and bugs annually—45 percent more than the 81 per year authorized during Jimmy Carter's Presidency. Although, because of reporting lags, the Reagan figures are not precise, the trend is clearly upward. If it continues—and all indications are that it will—this Administration will soon be wiretapping and bugging on a scale approaching that of the Nixon years; in 1971, 281 taps and bugs were installed under Attorney General John Mitchell, the all-time high.

The increase results from two related events. First, the Reagan Administration has embarked on still another war on drugs, a costly enterprise in terms of time, money and the liberties of citizens, and one that is doomed to fail. The last big war on drugs was launched by the Nixon Administration in 1970. It also involved considerable electronic spying and included interceptions of international conversations of certain Americans and others targeted on a "watch list" by the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency. The N.S.A. surveillance lasted more than five years. The Reagan Administration, learning little and caring less, has created twelve drug-enforcement task forces, which will drain scarce resources from the fights against business crime

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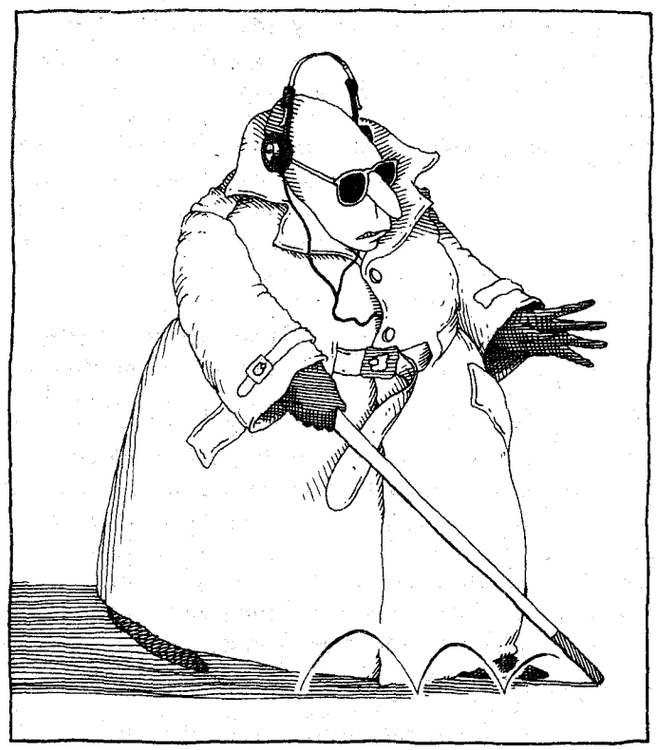
(of no interest to this Administration), organized crime, violent crime, tax cheating and other problem areas. Second, the F.B.I., which seems addicted to wiretapping, has been given a major role in this campaign.

The result has been a dramatic increase in wiretapping in narcotics investigations. There were at least seventy-nine such surveillances in 1982, when the F.B.I. joined the anti-drug effort, and the total will probably run considerably higher when all the figures are in. There were only forty-three in 1981 and thirty-four in 1980; during the Carter Administration the average was only twenty-four a year. According to the Administrative Office, Federal tapping in 1982 averaged $94,546 for each interception. But that amount is an understatement because it does not include the cost of the time spent in processing those cases by lawyers and judges. The figure also represents a huge jump from the Carter years (in 1980 the taps averaged $55,000 each), and the rise is partly due to the increased proportion of narcotics taps. Taps in narcotics cases are extraordinarily expensive. They often involve twenty-four-hour monitoring and close coordination with agents on the street. Twelve drug taps installed in the Detroit area last year cost $125,000 each, according to the report; nationwide, one Federal drug tap cost an average of $68,472 to install.

The other important focus of Federal wiretapping is racketeering, where the costs are even higher. Because the antiracketeering statute has been interpreted broadly by the Justice Department and the courts, many trivial offenses are investigated. Nevertheless, in 1982 the average cost of a racketeering tap was $87,189. One of these, in a murder investigation, was in place for five months and cost more than $2 million.

The Carter Administration undertook many racketeering investigations and used electronic surveillance extensively. Some 119 taps and bugs were installed—forty-four in 1979 alone—at a total outlay of approximately $5 million. A large proportion of these were room bugs, which are indiscriminate in what they pick up, expensive to install and monitor and not very useful [see Schwartz, "Time to Get the Bugs Out," *The Nation*, October 25, 1980]. There were only 193 convictions in cases in which evidence obtained from electronic surveillance was used. Given the broad scope of the antiracketeering law, many of them had to be for minor infractions. More than 70 percent of the installations were not associated with any conviction. And in a number of the successful prosecutions, evidence obtained through taps and bugs probably contributed nothing to winning the case, if past experience with electronic surveillance is any guide.



The bill for electronic surveillance by Federal law enforcement agencies in 1982 (which does not include the much larger amount spent on tapping in national security cases) came to nearly $18 million, and the actual expenditure was much greater because of many unreported costs.

Narcotics and racketeering taps are expensive not only because of the large number of agents needed to operate them but because they generally are in place much longer and involve many more people and conversations than other kinds of electronic surveillance. The average Reagan Administration tap was in place for forty-one days, whereas the average Carter tap was in place for twenty-five days.

Taps used in narcotics investigations are associated with more convictions than taps used in other kinds of investigations, although, as the National Wire Tap Commission found, the evidence they produce often has nothing to do with the conviction. Their overall impact on the amount of drug dealing is rather insignificant. The higher-ups are rarely caught in narcotics cases. As a Connecticut State Police official who specializes in drug enforcement put it, "You get to a certain level with wiretaps and then you stop. If you stumble on something big, it's often more by chance than anything else." According to a senior N.S.A. official, "nothing ever came, no byproduct," from the agency's five-year surveillance effort in the 1970s. For those reasons, the National Wire Tap Commission and the Drug Enforcement Administration have concluded that nonelectronic investigative methods are just as effective. Moreover, drug and racketeering taps are the most intrusive of all; they pick up thousands of irrelevant or intimate and privileged conversations between innocent people.

The most notable success of the Wiretap Act, which was passed in 1968, was the conviction last December of Roy Williams, then president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Williams was convicted partly on the basis of evidence obtained during fourteen months of steady tapping and bugging that reportedly cost well over a million dollars, and involved eavesdropping on thousands of innocent people making tens of thousands of telephone calls and conversations, more than 95 percent of which were completely innocuous. Recent analyses of the case in *Police Magazine* make it clear that most of the surveillance—especially at the

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beginning of the investigation—was a fishing expedition, in the spirit of "Let's get these people for *something.*" The wiretapping statute forbids such investigations, but they often occur in practice.

Are the few successful wiretap installations (like those used in the Williams case or in the conviction of Charles Harrelson for the murder of Federal Judge John H. Wood in Texas) worth the enormous expenditures of time and money, and the wide-scale intrusions on privacy? Not really. Social policy must weigh the gains against the losses, and when that is done with wiretapping, the balance tips against it. As Notre Dame professor G. Robert Blakey, the author and chief booster of the Wiretap Act, admitted this December to a *Chicago Tribune* reporter, "Up until [the Teamsters surveillance] use of the statute has been wooden, unimaginative and hardly aggressive in the best sense of the word. . . . Authorities tended to focus on petty gambling cases, throw up a wire, leave it in place for twenty days, get five convictions and quit." And he concluded, "Quite frankly, if I thought back in 1968 that was the way the statute would be used, I would not have become involved in drafting it, and had I been a Congressman, I would not have voted for it."

For the last word on wiretapping, let us turn to the Great Eavesdropper himself. Talking to John Dean on February 28, 1973, Richard Nixon declared, in his memorable Oval Office style, "They [the taps] never helped us. Just gobs and gobs of material: gossip and bullshitting . . . the tapping was a very unproductive thing. I've always known that. At least, it's never been useful in any operation I've ever conducted." □

LETTER FROM EUROPE

Socialism Takes Two Steps Back

DANIEL SINGER

The French socialist saga makes awkward reading for left-wingers. It has a wistful air of *déjà vu.* The progressive hero starts out filled with good intentions and plans for social justice, but then, naïvely playing by the twisted rules of the game, he falls easy prey to the gnomes of Zurich and the masters of the multinationals. There is no happy ending. France, the once-proud odd man out, is brought down. Yet the old story is never quite the same, and it is instructive each time to see how the hero is first bewitched before being bullied into line. Besides, hope springs eternal, and the French story is still unfinished. . .

Let me pick up the narrative where I left off in a previous letter. The euphoria—the so-called "state of grace"—of the Socialist victory had been dissipated, and the government had discarded the tools of Keynesianism and was groping uneasily on the road to deflation [see Singer, "Imagination Has Not Yet Taken Power," *The Nation*, January 29].

Disenchantment with the state of the economy was bound to affect the voters. In the elections this March, the French chose their municipal councils. In the first-round balloting, some middle-class voters swung to the right, and many supporters of the left expressed their discontent by staying at home. They could afford to do that because the fate of the government was not at stake (the terms of National Assembly members still have three years to run, and the President's term has five). The heavy defeat the Socialists suffered was inevitably magnified by comparison with the results of the municipal elections in 1977. Then the left was at the height of its power (the split between the Communists and the Socialists had not yet occurred), and it swept the country, winning control of an additional sixty-one cities of more than 30,000 inhabitants.

The spectacular setback of the left in the first-round voting came as no surprise. The unexpected was the line the opposition took. The right waged a Spiro Agnew-style law-and-order campaign mixed with a good dose of xenophobia. British Tories once fought a notorious by-election on the slogan "If you want a nigger as neighbor, vote Labor." The French right engaged in a similar whispering campaign. Only the "niggers" here are foreign workers, and racism is concentrated on Arabs from North Africa. All the familiar dirty tricks were employed. As it happens, the number of French citizens now on the dole (1.7 million) is about the same as the number of immigrant workers in the country, making the latter ideal scapegoats for rising welfare expenditures, overcrowding and, above all, crime in the big cities.

On paper, at least, it can be argued that adult immigrants are an economic boon rather than a burden, because they perform the tough, dirty, monotonous jobs French workers are not keen to take. But in the cities, where the social fabric has been rent by high unemployment, the rational argument does not have an immediate effect. The Socialists and Communists were not blameless in all this. In the past, they had taken an ostrich-like attitude toward racism, which is too serious a disease to be cured by counterpropaganda just at election time.

Still, in the week between the first- and second-round balloting, the left hit back. To wake up its followers, its leaders reminded them of the policies the right stood for. They said racism was racism and it stunk. One Socialist minister went so far as to refer (metaphorically) to the "fetid breath" of Jacques Chirac, Mayor of Paris and the opposition leader. The press, which hitherto had not been shocked by the right's language, pounced on those words and began pontificating about the left's intolerance and the low level of political discourse. Presumably, the right's jingoistic campaign, which blamed everything on the wogs and called for shipping them back across the Mediterranean, smelled like Chanel No. 5.

There was nothing particularly French about the media's

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double standard. In most Western nations the press thinks that its role is to preach moderation. If former French Prime Minister Raymond Barre, Thatcher or Reagan departs from the golden mean, the press will be understanding, explaining that special circumstances justify the behavior. But when the left is driven to radicalize its rhetoric and policies in retaliation, the editorialists warn and plead that it is in the left's own interest, politically and otherwise, to stick to the middle of the road. But this time the left didn't listen, and thanks to the tough stand it took, Socialist candidates staged a comeback in the second-round voting, salvaging wins in Marseilles, Belfort and Rennes, and losing only half of the sixty-one cities they had taken in 1977. Earlier predictions had it that they would lose them all. But as the champions of "moderation" were thus thwarted on the home front, foreign speculation came to their rescue.

While French politicians were electioneering, the West Germans voted in the Christian Democrats. Anticipating that the rightward trend would push up the value of the mark, the smart money in France moved massively out of francs. (That much of the movement was pure speculation was shown by the fact that $6 billion subsequently returned to the franc.) Faced with the falling franc, Mitterrand toyed with the idea of taking France out of the European Monetary System and sheltering his socialist experiment provisionally behind protective walls. Then he opted for the orthodox solution—devaluation of the franc in accordance with a realignment of European currencies. Minister of Finance Jacques Delors thereupon imposed tough austerity measures—budget cuts, higher taxes and increased social security contributions by workers. Delors's aim was in accord with classical capitalist economic theory: to spur exports by reducing domestic consumption. True, there was less unfairness in his methods than in those of his conservative predecessor, but he was following the same free-market logic.

In this gloomy period, the fuss caused by the restrictions on foreign travel in Delors's deflationary package provided some comic relief. I am a born internationalist who abhors frontiers, but the hell raised by the right over the limit on the amount of currency French travelers may take out of the country was truly farcical. The fact that M. Dassault, the aircraft tycoon, earns more than a thousand times the minimum French wage is proof, as everybody knows, that France is a free country. The 1983 travel allowance of $275 per person apparently threatens that freedom. It is the thin edge of the wedge. Gulag is around the corner, though Frenchmen, *mon cher Monsieur*, will never be slaves. Even the propagandists must have had doubts about the popularity of such rhetoric. After all, only fifty-seven of every one hundred French people take any holiday at all, and only sixteen of these go abroad.

Then the preachers of the right revealed their sense of humor. A *New York Times* correspondent, attributing the statement to some unnamed "sociologists," wrote, "The working class, if such a thing still exists, often identifies less with its real conditions than with its aspirations. So when a trip to the United States or Katmandu becomes next to impossible, the government is seen as padlocking the dream factory." Apparently, only left-wing intellectuals missed that important distinction. I must confess I did. I already knew that whenever there is talk of nationalization, big investors vanish and our hearts are made to bleed for poor widows and orphans owning a few shares. "Let my people dream" opens up incomparably wider horizons for rightist propagandists. They can now say that the jet set is performing its duty to the working class. The slave drivers, the worst exploiters, are merely getting rich so they can live out popular fantasies.

But let us return to the more serious matter of the government's austerity measures. No doubt you are thinking that, given France's integration into the international economy and its need to balance its foreign trade accounts, Mitterrand had no choice but to impose them. The point is partly taken. If it was impossible "to build socialism in a single country" the size of the Soviet Union, in France, a smaller and internationally interdependent country, the very idea is absurd. A genuine socialist experiment must start within national boundaries, even if it cannot be insulated for long. Yet that situation does not apply to France, for Mitterrand never said he would start building socialism immediately.

Any left-wing country that tries to alter the pattern of production and to reduce inequalities in income and wealth will have to cope with hostile neighbors. The Socialist government in France should have calculated what sort of bargains it could make with its European partners, how quickly it could gain ground by contagious example, how long it was willing to forgo the advantages of the international division of labor. Above all, it should have discussed those issues openly, since its only chance of standing up to pressure, domestic or foreign, is to acquire massive popular support. As it turned out, if there was any debate in Paris, it took place behind closed doors. The decision to impose austerity measures was made by "*Tonton*"—*Oncle François* in the *Château*, the Elysée Palace (to use the nicknames coined by the satirical weekly *Canard Enchainé*). Nor were the consequences of that decision explained, or perhaps even understood, by those who made it. The retreat was presented as temporary: a more "socialist" policy would be resumed as soon as the books were balanced, the government said. But that argument ignores both the nature of the international economy and its crisis, which has drastically reduced the French government's room to maneuver. The Socialists talk as if it were possible to pursue an egalitarian social policy within a system that follows the biblical dictum "Unto everyone that hath shall be given."

Perhaps you are wondering how a government with four Communist ministers can devote itself to the management of the capitalist crisis. To cut a long answer short: it can, and the Communist Party now carries little weight in the government. After violently attacking the Socialists, the party then climbed on Mitterrand's bandwagon. Also, the Soviet economic model has been shattered, but the Communists have yet to elaborate credible ideas of their own. (They once argued that the economic crisis was "national"

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and a Japanese rate of growth possible.) Nonetheless, should popular discontent grow, one cannot rule out a Communist exit from the government for reasons of domestic rather than foreign policy.

American pundits who had stressed the party's subservience to Moscow and forecast that the Socialist dog would be wagged by its Communist tail now look pretty silly. Their silliness was not revealed for the first time by the expulsion of forty-seven Soviet officials last month; spy stories are always but a symptom. It was shown dramatically in January when, just before the German campaign, Mitterrand strongly implied in Bonn that he backed the installation of the American Euromissiles, and the Communists stayed in his government without a word of protest. A critical analysis of Mitterrand's foreign policy would require a whole letter. Here let me stress just one point. According to Mitterrand's apologists, his foreign policy is based on the assumption that the balance of power, particularly in Europe, is tilted in Russia's favor. I would venture that his support for Reagan's anti-Soviet line and his failure to seek a third way reflect something deeper: his inability, despite his socialist vocabulary, to conceive of a future beyond the confines of capitalism. The curse of the left today is the lack of a radical alternative.

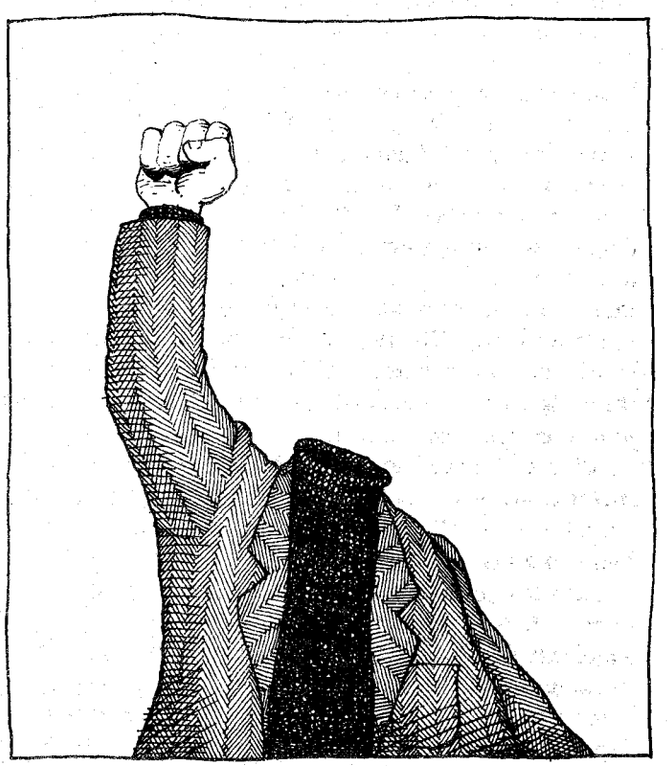
The anniversaries of the death of Marx and Stalin and the birth of Stendhal having been celebrated recently, I shall add a small one of my own. Fifteen years ago, 50,000 people stood in front of what was once the Bastille chanting "We are all German Jews." That was one highlight of an uprising in which students, followed by workers, revealed the depths of discontent that lie beneath the glittering surface of Western society. The uprising was also the first leftist mass movement that cursed capitalism and American imperialism while rejecting the Soviet model.

But we lacked imagination at the time. Had we suggested that in fifteen years France would have 2.1 million unemployed, West Germany 2.5 million, Britain more than 3 million and the United States about 12 million, we would have been dismissed not only as crypto-pinkos but as plain crazy. Capitalism has now been deprived of its triumphant gospel of growth, but it stands apparently unshaken. Its capacity for absorbing shocks and its staying power are greater than we imagined. The major capitalist regimes have also been helped by the destruction of the alternative model. The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, Solzhenitsyn's revelations about the Gulag, events in Poland—all helped shatter the model. That encouraged all the establishments to tell the protesters that if they didn't like it, they could lump it. It allowed them to revive the notion that the free marketplace is the only guarantee of political freedom, to reassert that history either culminates in capitalism or turns into tragedy.

This is not to suggest that we should have preserved the illusion of an alternative. If socialism is to be the victory of a politically conscious people, then it cannot be built on lies. When the Soviet Union was the "motherland" of socialism, it served as an inspiration for some people, but it repelled many more, particularly in the West. Even today efforts are being made, often successfully, to equate socialism with Soviet repression in Poland—as if Rosa Luxemburg rode in one of Jaruzelski's tanks. Moreover, a movement that springs from the people and grows in its native soil cannot copy a foreign model, even an attractive one. What the Western left needs now is not a blueprint but a vision, showing that the answers to all our questions lead inexorably beyond the limits of capitalist society. And the ugly face of the right in the hour of crisis suggests we need it badly and quickly.

Two years ago, after Mitterrand's victory, buoyed by the rage of the mighty, the fears of the exploiters, the panic of their servants, even my skeptical French friends were carried away. The victory may not be ours, they said, but the defeat is theirs. Now that paradox must be amended: the victory may not have been ours, but the defeat would be. The failure of the French experiment would have consequences for the left in other countries. That is why one must carefully watch the parties, the labor unions, the rank-and-file workers for any signs that the downward trend of support for socialism can be reversed. But time is running out. The left can only recover through a movement from below. It will not win friends by donning the clothes of its opponents.

P.S. In the jolly month of May, the student riots in Paris revived ghosts of fifteen years ago. It was amusing to see conservative papers like *Le Figaro* suddenly discovering the virtues of rebellion. Yet the hopes of the right for a "May 1968 in reverse" were never serious. Right-wingers are clearly a minority within the student community. Employment prospects may be bad and discontent among students high, but the protest movement failed to grow or spread beyond the conservative departments of law and medicine. And today's student rebels are defending narrow corporate in-



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The Acoustic Detection

Scientists have studied microstructural discontinuities in high-carbon steel since the early 1920s. By monitoring acoustic emissions, a materials research engineer at the General Motors Research Laboratories has arrived at a more detailed understanding of how one type of discontinuity occurs.

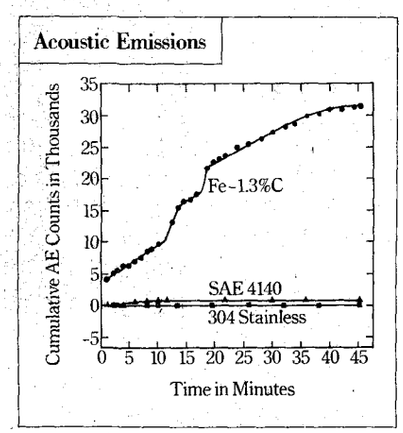
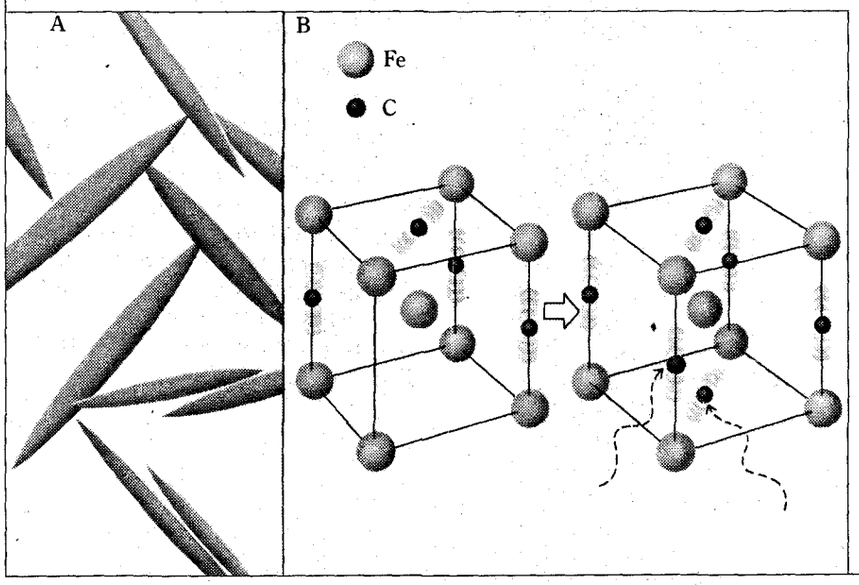


Figure 1: Cumulative acoustic emission counts for Fe-1.3%C steel, and control specimens of SAE 4140 and 304 stainless steel.

Figure 2: Artist's rendering of two proposed sources of microcracking: (A) impingement of the plates during the formation of martensite and (B) carbon atom rearrangement during the aging of martensite.



MARTENSITE is a hard microconstituent of steel which forms when austenite, iron containing carbon in solid solution, is quenched from a high temperature. The martensitic transformation produces steel that is hard and strong, but non-ductile. Through heat treatment, the steel can be tailored to applications requiring different degrees of ductility. High-carbon martensite—a highly stressed microstructure with a plate-like morphology—contains microscopic ruptures or separations 10 to 20 microns in length. These structural discontinuities, termed "microcracks," influence the mechanical properties of steel.

Although aspects of the microcracking phenomenon have been understood by metallurgists for more than fifty years, there is still no definitive explanation for when or how it occurs. An engineer at the General Motors Research Laboratories has devised an experiment that detects the microcracks as they occur.

The elastic energy released when microcracks form should produce a stress wave and associated high-frequency acoustic emission (AE). Using a piezoelectric transducer as the monitoring device, Dr. Michael Shea set out to determine what could be learned about the microcracking process by measuring AE.

The more widely accepted of two current hypotheses—the "impingement model"—asserts that microcracking is transformation-induced, taking place due to the collision of martensite plates during the quench. The other model maintains that microcracking occurs during the aging of martensite after the plates have already formed. The "aging model" suggests that thermal activation enables carbon atoms to rearrange themselves, producing localized stresses high enough to cause microcracking. Dr. Shea's ongoing research into high-carbon martensite led him to believe that the aging hypothesis was important. He proceeded to determine if AE is produced during aging.

For his study, Dr. Shea chose Fe-1.3%C steel, which undergoes martensitic transformation during quenching and is known to form

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microcracks. To provide baseline data, control specimens of 304 stainless steel and SAE 4140 steel were put through the same procedures as the test composition. When quenched, 304 stainless steel produces no martensite, and SAE 4140 forms a low-carbon martensite which has a lath-type morphology, and generally does not microcrack.

SPECIMENS of the three compositions were quenched to -196°C and then slowly heated to room temperature. Acoustic measurements were made beginning at 0°C, at which point carbon atom mobility is sufficient to allow rearrangement processes to take place, and continued for 45 minutes after the specimens had reached room temperature. No AE was recorded for 304 stainless steel, and only a slight amount for SAE 4140. Significant emission, however, was measured for the Fe-1.3%C steel specimen during the entire testing period (see Figure 1). Since martensite had already formed during the quench, these results support the hypothesis that microcracking is produced during aging of the freshly-formed plates. Dr. Shea ruled out both slip and twinning as sources of AE since the literature indicates that neither factor is significant during aging of martensite below 40°C. The possibility that the AE resulted from isothermal transformation of austenite to martensite could also be excluded because this process does not take place in the composition studied.

"These results demonstrate conclusively," says Dr. Shea, "that microcracking occurs during the aging of high-carbon martensite, thereby providing support for the less accepted of the two models.

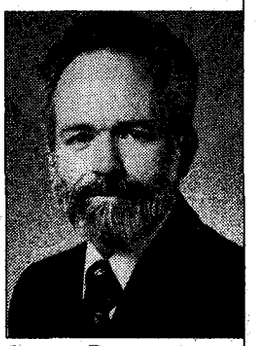
"The next challenge," he continues, "will be to quantify the relative contributions of both models—impingement and aging—in an effort to determine which, in fact, is the more important mechanism, thus furthering our understanding of microcrack formation. Then, perhaps, we can more systematically explore ways to minimize microcracking."

General Motors

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK



Dr. Michael Shea is a Staff Research Engineer in the Metallurgy Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Shea received his undergraduate and graduate degrees in metallurgical engineering from Michigan Technological University, and his Ph.D. in materials engineering from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. His thesis concerned deformation and fracture of cesium chloride type superlattices. He joined General Motors in 1971.

The areas of metallurgical research pursued by Dr. Shea at General Motors include the mechanical properties of high-carbon steels, mechanically-induced transformation of austenite, and structure/property relationships in nodular cast iron. His exploration of the microcracking phenomenon in martensite was conducted with the help of instrumentation developed by GM colleague Dr. Douglas Harvey.

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terests. Fifteen years ago, students were the first to express popular discontent with the general shape of society. What turned the French events of 1968 into a historical occasion was that the students found an echo among the workers, who then brought the economy to a standstill through a massive general strike. The potential allies of the right-wing students—the angry shopkeepers and farmers—may well riot, but they cannot paralyze the country in a similar fashion. As long as it retains the sympathy of industrial workers, the Socialist government is not threatened in any fundamental way by demonstrations in the street. □

'Industrial Policy'

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

York Review of Books, "America cannot survive half rich, half poor; half suburb, half slum. If the country wakes up, it will not do so by way of laissez faire."

Industrial policy is the principal mainstream alternative to monetarism and supply-side economics. Its adherents range from Wall Streeters like Rohatyn and Peter Peterson, former Commerce Secretary and chief organizer of the Bipartisan Budget Appeal (a campaign to shift government spending priorities), to liberal academics like Lester Thurow of M.I.T. and Robert Reich of Harvard. Because they reject both traditional liberal programs and Reaganomics, we shall call them "centrists."

The main differences between them and conservatives are twofold. First, the centrists do not share the conservatives' distrust of government. They call for a more coherent government policy to boost profits and the rate of capital formation. They recognize the necessity—even the inevitability and desirability—of substantial government involvement in the economy.

Second, the centrists condemn the free-market model of the economy. Their model is not one of perfect competition among millions of individual households and small enterprises, but one of bargaining and consensus among the few giant corporations, large unions and government agencies that dominate the economy. Their prophet is not Adam Smith but Joseph Schumpeter, the twentieth-century Austro-American economist who championed advanced capitalism and liberal democracy as a dual system of economic and political competition among elites. Centrist rhetoric speaks not of individual gain but of the common good; it was Jean Jacques Rousseau, not Jeremy Bentham, whose picture appeared with the 1980 declaration of a reindustrialization program by the editors of *Business Week*.

The basic economic logic of the centrist position may be easily summarized, despite variations in terminology and political orientation among its sympathizers. Although unregulated competition among businesses, workers and consumers gives rise to waste and needless social conflict, the centrists say, capitalism, while less decentralized and competitive than in Adam Smith's day, is still capitalism, and profits are what make it go. Therefore, extensive and carefully planned government involvement in the economy is necessary to rationalize production and distribution and to maintain high levels of profitability and an efficient market-based system.

The centrists give top priority to increasing the rate of investment through substantial transfers of income to the largest corporations. That means curtailing America's consumption in the short run in order to permit high corporate profits. "The U.S. is being asked to consume less and invest more," wrote *Business Week*. "This means sacrifice." The centrists say the necessary sacrifices will be made voluntarily, rather than obtained by compulsion. They pin their hopes on their ability to appeal to the common good. They call for a new "social contract" between management and labor and for a new sense of discipline among the citizenry at large. Their vogue word is "tripartism," the use of centralized planning boards with representatives of management, labor and government, who would compromise their conflicting interests in behalf of the public welfare.

That is the sheep's clothing; it is hard to argue with a program that recognizes the need to consider the common good. But the wolves begin to emerge when the centrists talk about how the common good is to be pursued.

§ Many centrists, on Wall Street and in the academy, assume that the economy has stagnated in large part because of a capital shortage, a squeeze on investable resources. That is why they insist on transferring resources from consumption to investment—through wage concessions, taxes on consumption (sales taxes and the like) and reductions in Social Security spending. But their premise is false. The roots of stagnation lie not in a capital shortage but in what could be called the costs of corporate power—the costs of sustaining corporate control over production and investment. The centrists would ask Americans to sacrifice their earnings and to consume less in order to enlarge the pool of investable resources, which is already ample, and to enhance the power of a corporate structure whose wayward decisions caused our problems in the first place.

§ The centrists would also insist that profitability serve as the ultimate guide to government intervention in the economy. Thus, they propose that the government channel capital into "sunrise" industries and identify new high-tech industries that will be profitable in the future; the "sunset" industries should be allowed to die natural deaths. But the "free" marketplace in which they vest their faith has proved to be a poor allocator of goods and services. It has generated enormous waste in the economy—$1.2 trillion worth in 1980 alone, by our calculations, in underutilized capacity and misutilized resources. (This means the production and consumption of goods and services in that year could have been almost 50 percent higher than they actually were.) Are

Samuel Bowles, David M. Gordon and Thomas E. Weisskopf teach economics at, respectively, the University of Massachusetts, the New School for Social Research and the University of Michigan. This article is adapted from their book Beyond the Waste Land: A Democratic Alternative to Economic Decline, *to be published by Anchor/Doubleday this month.*

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profitability and the rules of the marketplace the only criteria by which the government should decide how to allocate public funds?

§ The centrists also propose strategies to restore America's dominance of the world economy. Whether out of decency or political acumen, they avoid openly imperialist rhetoric, calling instead for subsidies to companies that are logical candidates for export growth. But they remain largely mute on the need to reduce military spending (although some, like Thurow, have criticized the wastefulness of the Reagan arms buildup). Finally, they speak out strongly for free trade. Some questions inevitably arise. Is it possible for the United States to regain the economic power it enjoyed immediately after World War II? Does it make sense to tie economic recovery to the export prospects of high-tech companies? Doesn't free trade actually mean that U.S. workers are free to compete with the wages and working conditions of millions of oppressed workers in the Third World?

These questions aside, our principal reservation about centrist strategies results from the dangers they pose to democratic institutions. They would transfer resources to the wealthiest and the largest corporations. By insisting on the primacy of profit, they would increase corporate power and reduce corporate accountability. And they would strengthen the role of corporate interests in formulating international economic policy, while failing to confront the potential peril of increased defense spending in conjunction with a more aggressive search for markets abroad.

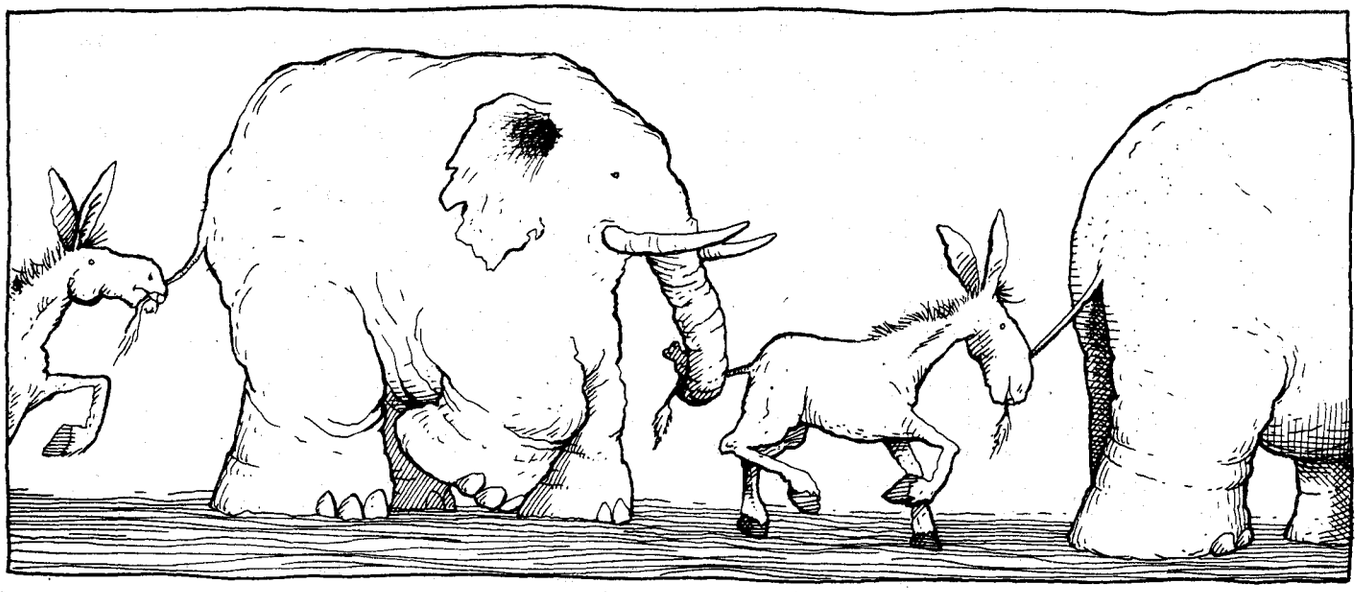
If these policies are adopted, the losers in our society will far outnumber the winners. Centrist strategies would require that the people's elected representatives be excluded from economic decision making in order to insulate soak-the-poor redistributive policies from popular protest. We have already seen an example of the curtailment of the democratic accountability of government bodies—New York City's Emergency Financial Control Board, which took management of the city's budget away from local officials and placed it in the hands of a committee consisting of bankers, business representatives and state officials. The board's architect, Felix Rohatyn, believes that the lessons learned during New York City's 1975 fiscal crisis have a broader application. "The direction and philosophy of a large unit of government was fundamentally and permanently changed as a result of the involvement, some would say intrusion, of the private sector in government," he said recently. "In my judgment, this is a principle that is applicable to a vast array of national problems for reasons not too dissimilar to the New York City experience. . . . The United States today in many ways is similar to New York City in 1975." Such an exclusionary policy could undermine the democratic process in the United States.

Is this the banner to which the Democratic Party will rally us in 1984?

We propose a democratic program for restructuring the economy. We think it has two fundamental advantages over conservative and centrist strategies: It would promote economic recovery more effectively than supply-side, monetarist or centrist programs, and it would emphasize economic democracy. Those advantages are to us overwhelming.

Our proposals do not stem from a romantic fondness for political democracy. Mainstream economists argue that there is a trade-off between political democracy and economic efficiency. We agree that economic efficiency is important. But we disagree with the view that more democracy necessarily means more inefficiency and waste.

Ours is not the traditional Keynesian critique that waste is inherent in laissez-faire economies. Keynesians focus on demand-side waste. They teach that unnecessarily low levels of output and employment occur when the market operates entirely on its own and when, as a result, demand for goods and services is much lower than it might be without such market failures. That analysis played a central and salutary role in postwar economic policy. We do not aim to bury Keynesianism, since its basic critique remains resonant, but we do not intend to praise it either.



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The problem with the inherited Keynesian wisdom is not that aggregate demand shortfalls never happen or never matter. They often happen. And they do matter. But demand-side expansion is never enough for economic growth. A viable Keynesian program must take into account the supply side as well—the systems responsible for the production and distribution of goods and services. Supply-side policies may seek to promote private production and profits within the market setting, as did John Kennedy's pro-business tax cuts in 1963 and many other government policies in the postwar years. They may include oppressive controls on labor to contain the explosive potential of full employment (which dramatically enhances workers' bargaining power), as were imposed in Hitler's Germany. Or they may seek changes in private-sector approaches to production and distribution, advocating either selective or wholesale democratic planning. But some kind of supply-side analysis must be part of any strategy that relies on the expansion of aggregate demand.

What distinguishes our programs from those of centrists and traditional Keynesians is our analysis of what we call the "slack economy." The rules under which the contemporary American political economy operates—the rules of capitalism—result in enormous waste, as we have said. Under those rules, profits are the final arbiter of the worth of a person or a product. If one accepts the rules as binding, one must accept the inevitability of supply-side waste. But why must these rules govern? If we can change them in sensible ways, we can start regenerating our slack economy.

The new rules we propose are based on three principles, which differ sharply from the principles of the centrist approach:

§ Centrist strategies insist on profit-led growth. We stress the necessity and advantages of *wage-led growth*. By rewarding the vast majority instead of suppressing it, wage-led growth policies would stimulate employment and investment. Growth would result from the demand-side effects of full employment and the supply-side effects of greater worker motivation and innovative pressure, as workers respond to the incentive of rising wages and firms respond to wage pressure by technical innovation.

§ Centrist strategies let the market guide the allocation of economic resources. We call for *needs-based allocation*. An economy most directly and democratically serves the people when there is substantial planning to identify and meet their needs in terms of consumption and personal development. A democratic planning system can better fulfill the basic needs of society than can the flickering and wayward signals of the marketplace.

§ Centrists want to restore America's economic hegemony over the rest of the world. Our proposals advocate *co-operation for economic security*—in both the domestic and the international spheres. We stress the importance of co-operation not merely for moral reasons but because of the waste and insecurity that efforts at economic domination have historically produced.

Those principles may sound vague and even utopian. But they are embodied in a detailed twenty-four-point program—an Economic Bill of Rights (see box for the headings of the program). The proposals can be applied within the existing constitutional and political framework of the United States. The Economic Bill of Rights is for the 1980s, not the twenty-first century.

Although our Bill of Rights could pay for itself by promoting economic recovery, its principal virtues are political, not technical. It offers a viable long-term alternative to trickle-down economics, and it provides the basis for popular mobilization and an alternative direction for economic restructuring.

The Democrats will be much in the news over the next eighteen months with their centrist alternatives to Reaganomics. A truly democratic alternative cannot easily compete for public attention. But the questions to ask about both centrist and democratic approaches are simple and self-evident. Do they make sense? Would they promote economic recovery without compounding the waste that currently afflicts our economy? Would they promote democracy rather than constrict it? By any of these standards, would they provide a democratic alternative to the economic wasteland? □

Note: In future issues we shall publish comments on this article. Readers are invited to contribute.

An Economic Bill of Rights

I. Right to Economic Security and Equity
1. A Decent Job
2. Solidarity Wages, Comparable Pay and Equal Employment Opportunity
3. Public Child Care and Community Service Centers
4. A Shorter Standard Workweek and Flexible Work Hours
5. Flexible Price Controls

II. Right to a Democratic Workplace
6. Public Commitment to Democratic Trade Unions
7. Workers' Right to Know and to Decide
8. Democratic Production Incentives
9. Promoting Community Enterprises

III. Right to Chart Our Economic Future
10. Planning to Meet Human Needs
11. Democratizing Investment
12. Democratic Control of Money
13. Promoting Community Life
14. Environmental Democracy
15. Democratizing Foreign Trade

IV. Right to a Better Way of Life
16. Reduced Military Spending
17. Conservation and Safe Energy
18. Good Food
19. A National Health Policy
20. Lifetime Learning and Cultural Opportunities
21. Payment for Home Child Care in Single-Parent Households
22. Community Corrections and Reduced Crime Control Spending
23. Community Needs Information and Reduced Advertising Expenditures
24. Equitable Taxation and Public Allocation of Resources

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Portrait in Blood and Gold

PHYLLIS ROSE

FRIDA: A Biography of Frida Kahlo. *By Hayden Herrera. Harper & Row. 507 pp. $21.95.*

Hayden Herrera is forthright and unpretentious in her telling of the life of the painter Frida Kahlo. But then, Kahlo's was a life so colorful as to require no heightening. She was born in 1907 in Mexico City of Spanish-Indian heritage on her mother's side and Hungarian-Jewish on her father's. When she was 18, a bus she was riding on was rammed by a trolley. A broken handrail from the trolley entered her body on her left side, at waist level, and emerged between her legs. Somehow, the accident removed all her clothes. She lay in the street naked, skewered by an iron rod, covered in blood and in gold—someone traveling on the bus had been carrying gold paint. When life provides images like this, who needs pyrotechnics in biography?

After the accident, Kahlo endured continuous fatigue as well as pain in her spine and right leg. She had thirty-two operations on her back before her death in 1954. "She lived dying," a friend said. But that does not suggest the joy with which she lived, the energy, passion, humor and gallant morbidity. She did not merely live with death, she danced with it. Mexicans still celebrate the Day of the Dead by playing with skeleton toys, and Kahlo had her own games. For many years a skeleton lay on top of the canopy of the bed in which she slept.

The role of heroic sufferer, of death's playmate, for whom death gives an edge to the enjoyment of life, became central to her self-image. Although her paintings often depict her physical fracture and pain, they are never self-pitying. In "The Broken Column," her body is riven down the middle, studded with nails and held together by an orthopedic corset; her spine is a shattered classical column, but her proud bearing and queenly gaze signal her determination to endure. With style.

In 1929, Kahlo married Diego Rivera, Mexico's most famous artist. She had started painting after the accident, to amuse herself during the months of recuperation in bed. Eventually, curious to know if she had a chance for a career as a painter, she took her work to Rivera. He thought she had talent. He thought she was enchanting. She certainly was striking, with dark eyebrows that met over her nose. Rivera, twice-divorced, was 42. She was 22. At 300 pounds, he was so obese his underwear had to be specially made. She was delicate and small. They were a memorably incongruous couple—an elephant matched with a dove, her parents said—particularly when Kahlo was dressed, as she often was, in a vivid floor-length skirt and embroidered blouse such as the women of Tehuantepec wore. (The peasant dress was intended to show Kahlo's allegiance to native Mexican culture, but it also served to hide her withered right leg.)

However incongruous they looked, Kahlo and Rivera shared wit, a love of art, a hatred of the bourgeoisie, and sexual energy (not always directed toward each other). For many years they lived in separate houses Juan O'Gorman designed for them in the San Angel section of Mexico City—hers blue, his pink, the two connected by a bridge at the topmost level. Their lives were like that, flagrantly independent but solidly joined. Despite his fat, sloppiness and frogface, Rivera's sexual magnetism was considerable, and his bed became part of the trip for many American *turistas*. But Kahlo was hardly inactive—with women as well as men. When Rivera hurt her by sleeping with her sister, her retaliation was inspired. Kicking him right in his politics, she had an affair with Trotsky when he came to Mexico in exile in 1937. Her list of lovers shows a heady mixture of art and politics: Trotsky had been preceded by the sculptor Isamu Noguchi.

Kahlo and Rivera were at the center of cultural and political life in Mexico at a particularly exciting time. The Mexican Revolution had begun in 1910, the year Kahlo—as much from patriotism as vanity—preferred to 1907 as the year of her birth. By the 1920s, Mexican art was flourishing. The great muralists—Siqueiros and Orozco, as well as Rivera—were painting monumental public spaces in an effort to bring art to the people. They repudiated easel painting as elitist. Pre-Columbian art, which had no particular cachet before the Revolution, now became prized as nobly, quintessentially Mexican. (Rivera spent most of his money amassing one of Mexico's finest collections of pre-Columbian art.)

For Kahlo and Rivera, *Mexicanidad* meant Communism. He was the secretary of the Mexican Communist Party, and the typical 1930s collision between art and politics was more than typically tumultuous in his case. In 1929 Rivera began his great mural on the stairway of the National Palace, depicting all of Mexican history from a Marxist point of view. The work was political dynamite. Conservatives were outraged by the disrespectful portraits of some recent Mexican presidents and the caricatures of evil capitalists. Communists were equally outraged that Rivera had accepted a commission from the government to paint the National Palace. They expelled him from the party. Tired of taking a beating from both sides, the artist went with his wife to "Gringolandia," where he spent four years painting heroic celebrations of labor and technology in San Francisco, Detroit and New York City, until his portrait of Lenin on the walls of Rockefeller Center led the Rockefellers to pay him his fee, dismiss him and destroy his mural.

While Rivera was painting the pageant of labor on the grandest scale possible, Frida Kahlo was also painting, intimately and privately. Most of her 200-odd paintings are self-portraits. They are painted on metal and masonite panels and on canvases never larger than the despised, elitist size that can fit on an easel. The irony is more apparent than real. An invalid cannot be expected to paint murals. Kahlo was forced to spend not just days, but months lying on her back. Most of her paintings were small enough to have been worked on in bed. Many of them were inspired by *retablos*, small votive paintings which commemorate a disaster or a deliverance.

Although her work belongs in the tradition of naïve painting—the drawing is innocently painstaking, the colors

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odd, perspective awkward—Kahlo was knowledgeable about art. She was associated with artists, critics and art historians. She admired Piero della Francesca, Grünewald, Bosch and Klee, as well as Gauguin and Rousseau. "It was not provincialism," writes Herrera, "that made Frida borrow folk art modes." It was part of her *Mexicanidad*, which was for her "a style, a political stance, and a psychological support," helping to cover her psychic wounds as her Tehuana skirt covered her withered leg.

Herrera's excellence as Kahlo's biographer emerges in her treatment of the paintings, skillfully placed in the context of Mexican art. She is able to point out the similarity between the striking and somewhat horrifying image in "My Birth"—a woman whose body is covered from the waist up gives birth to an adult-sized Kahlo—and an Aztec stone sculpture of a squatting woman giving birth to a man with a full-grown head. In "My Nurse and I," Kahlo, again an infant with an outsized head, suckles the breast of an idol-faced Indian whose milk glands are painted on the outside of her breast. Herrera can tell us that in ceramic sculptures of the first century A.D. from Jalisco, the glands of nursing women are represented in a plantlike pattern on their breasts. "The Deceased Dimas," a painting of a dead child, is located in a tradition of post-mortem portraiture going back to colonial times. In this way, much that would otherwise seem bizarre or grotesque in Kahlo's imagery shows her reworking her visual heritage.

Kahlo was as attentive to the details of her daily life as to those of her painted works. She dressed with as much care as some people take to write a paragraph, thoughtfully choosing her daily display of jewelry (from a fantastic collection Rivera gave her) and occasionally even sewing an extra bow on her outfit for effect. She decorated Rivera's lunch basket with flowers and meticulously arranged the fruit on their table. In her later years, when she taught, she brought her students into her home, and the stuff of her household became the subject of their still lifes. She set them painting murals for the local *pulquería*, and they went on to paint the local washerwomen's workhouse. For Kahlo, in all ways, the line between life and art was thin indeed, so that the task of her biographer is to "read" the autobiography she has already provided in her art.

Even "The Two Fridas," one of Kahlo's best-known paintings, benefits from biographical explication. In this double self-portrait, one Frida, dressed as a Tehuana, sits on a bench holding the hand of another Frida, in Victorian dress, whose arteries and wounded heart are painted in Kahlo-vision, outside her body. The heart of the Tehuana Frida, who holds a miniature portrait of Rivera on her lap, is intact. The wounded Frida bleeds over her white skirt. With a surgical clamp, she tries to stem the flow of her blood. Viewed cold, it is a striking image of duality, but it certainly helps to know that when she was painting "The Two Fridas," Kahlo was in despair about her separation from her husband. (They were divorced in 1939 but remarried the following year.) The Tehuana Frida is the one Diego loved, and she is comforting the one he loves no longer. Although André Breton tried to claim Kahlo as a surrealist, and although Kahlo herself took advantage of the vogue for surrealism to market her work, her strange imagery is readable if you know her life. It does not proceed from an obscure unconscious. (She and Rivera eventually came to see surrealism as a decadent European attempt to regain contact with sources of vitality that had never been lost in Mexico.) "I never painted dreams," she wrote. "I painted my own reality."

Herrera belongs to a naïve tradition of biography as Kahlo belongs to a naïve tradition of painting. Her discussion of Kahlo's work is strong; less so is her historical analysis and psychological inquiry. She doesn't probe deeply. But then, in some sense, she doesn't need to: the blood—and gold—of this life are right on the surface. She is "naïve," too, in her handling of some biographical materials, quoting letters at length but making little effort to incorporate them into the text. But again, I didn't mind much. The effect, like that of Kahlo's naïveté, is often captivating. I enjoyed even the signatures on some of the Riveras' letters to each other, as when Diego signs himself "Your No. 1 Toad-Frog." Nor would I give up their expressions of affection: "Really without you [he wrote to Frida] this life does not matter to me more than approximately two peanuts at most."

Kahlo's writing was as colorful as everything else she made out of life.

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From Paris, where she had a show in 1939, she wrote in English to her lover Nickolas Muray in New York: "I rather sit on the floor in the market of Toluca and sell tortillas, than to have anything to do with these 'artistic' bitches of Paris. They sit for hours on the 'cafes' warming their precious behinds, and talk without stopping about 'culture' 'art' 'revolution' and so forth, thinking themselves the gods of the world. . . . Gee weez! It was worthwhile to come here only to see why Europe is rottening."

How important an artist was Frida Kahlo? Although the strength of her work is undeniable, her paintings are small in size. Her output was limited. Her subject matter is personal. By the usual standards, she is not a major painter. But one exciting result of the new feminism, and particularly of feminist biography, has been to make us rethink questions about what is major and what is minor. As with Jean Strouse's biography of Alice James, there is nothing particularly feminist about Hayden Herrera's biography of Kahlo—except the fact that she wrote it. □

Consumers and Other Strangers

JACKSON LEARS

THE GIFT: Imagination and the Erotic Life of Property. *By Lewis Hyde. Random House. 327 pp. $17.95. Paper $7.95.*

Those mass-marketed commodities—elegant peasant frocks, chocolate-covered cherries, lumbering recreational vehicles—do they really merit all the abuse that's been heaped on them? These days one wonders. It's harder than ever to write intelligent criticism of mass society and consumer culture, so much priggishness and paranoia has already been committed to paper. Anxious émigrés have railed against the totalitarian implications of jazz; well-heeled moralists have fretted about the wasteful habits of "the masses"; conspiracy theorists have seen a hidden persuader behind every Pac Man and Barbie doll. No wonder such critiques are no longer fashionable. Today, consumer culture is increasingly conceived to be a world of richness and variety, for all its faults immensely preferable to the only imagined alternatives: preindustrial poverty and Soviet totalitarianism.

This argument becomes all the more persuasive when it acquires a patina of scientific respectability from the work of anthropologists who link consumption and cultural meaning. Mary Douglas, in particular, has attacked left-wing critics for caricaturing consumers as irrational dupes of manipulative advertisers. From an "anthropological view," Douglas says, consumption is an eminently rational quest for meaning, "a ritual process whose primary purpose is to make sense of the inchoate flux of events." In other words, "commodities are good for thinking." This view overlooks the role of advertising in muddling meaning for profit; it merges Kwakiutl Indians with K mart shoppers, collapsing them all in the "ethnographic present."

For the rest of us, doubts may not be so easily laid to rest. Granting all the qualifications, granting even the richness and variety, there is still (in me at least) a sense of revulsion at the shoddy and exploitive aspects of the merchandise mart. How does one translate visceral feelings into more than a cry of outrage? Most critical models are marred by shrill polemic, but there are others: the sociology of everyday life pioneered by Henri Lefebvre, the idiosyncratic semiology of his student Jean Baudrillard, the unclassifiable speculations of Walter Benjamin—and now this intriguing meditation by the poet Lewis Hyde.

The Gift moves beyond the worn categories of manipulation versus liberation and asceticism versus hedonism to offer an original and provocative critique of capitalist culture. Unlike many critics of consumerism, Hyde respects the material, sensuous aspects of the world. He focuses his ire not on commodities themselves but on the values and social relations fostered by commodity exchange. Hyde's argument is subtle, complex and impossible to summarize adequately in a review. He has written a remarkable book.

Hyde's poetic vocation shapes and informs his approach. What led him to the subject of gift exchange was his conviction that "the art that matters to us—

Jackson Lears is the author of No Place of Grace: Anti-Modernism and the Transformation of American Culture, 1880-1920 *(Pantheon).*

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which moves the heart, or revives the soul, or delights the senses, or offers courage for living, however we choose to describe the experience—that work is received by us as a gift is received." Not only is a work of art a gift, but it is the result of a talent, a genius or an inspiration that is experienced by the artist as a gift. It is no accident, says Hyde, that we speak of creative people as "gifted." The problem for an artist who chooses to labor with a gift is how to survive in a society in which works of art are treated not as gifts but as commodities. Beginning with the basic question of how to put the macaroni and cheese on the table, Hyde finishes by illuminating the dilemmas of life in a market society.

The key to Hyde's success is his ability to clarify the distinctions between gift exchange and commodity exchange. He draws on folk tales and anthropological literature to present various tribal cultures based on gift relationships. The ceremonial giving of Kula necklaces among Trobriand Islanders in the South Pacific; the extravagant distribution of shells, pelts, skins and blankets during the "potlatch" ritual of the Kwakiutl Indians in the Pacific Northwest—these practices embody the notion that the "big man" is the big giver, the generous dispenser of wealth. In market societies achievement lies not in giving but in getting; the "big man" is self-possessed, autonomous, "self-made."

For Hyde, the distinction between giving and getting underlies a host of others. Gift exchange is animated by Eros, commodity exchange by Logos. Under the sign of Eros, the self flows outward, toward union with others and with all life—indestructible life, "the thread that . . . is not broken when the particular perishes." Gift exchange locates the individual in a community and a cosmos, as Hyde demonstrates in his discussion of "threshold gifts" given at birth, marriage and death. And, as "an emanation of Eros," the gift increases in worth as it changes hands; this is the attitude of the Trobriand Islanders toward their Kula necklaces, of artists toward their creations and of lovers toward their love. "The more I give to thee," said Juliet, "the more I have." Given this erotic quality, it is not surprising that gift exchange has been associated with rituals to insure fecundity and abundance. It is of course silly to assume (as many Westerners do) that tribal folk lead more satisfying lives, Hyde admits; all the same, he insists that that assumption contains a kernel of truth because they have "more ready access to erotic forms of exchange that are neither exhausting nor exhaustible and whose use ensures their plenty."

In Hyde's view the contrast between those forms of exchange and commodity exchange is nearly total. While gift exchange creates a sense of abundance even amid poverty, commodity exchange reinforces a sense of scarcity even amid a cornucopia of goods. The prime motor of market society is the feeling that one has not accumulated enough. Restless striving for commodities promotes boundaries rather than bonds; if Eros unites, Logos divides.

Many of consumer society's "big men" also lack bonds to a meaningful cosmos. Commodity exchange undermines the rituals of gift exchange that locate the individual in an orderly universe and that promise rebirth at the threshold of death. From the gift cultures' point of view, death in market societies is "the death that goes nowhere." As Hyde says, "The parking lots and aisles of discount stores may be where the restless dead of a commodity civilization will tread out their numberless days."

This is a familiar attack on the anomie and spiritual sterility of life under Logos, but Hyde does more than rehash pop-sociological clichés about "commodity fetishism." "Capitalism," he writes, "is the ideology that asks that we remove surplus wealth from circulation and lay it aside to produce more wealth. To move away from capitalism is not to change the form of ownership from the few to the many, but to cease turning so much surplus into capital, that is, to treat most increase as a gift." That can only be done within a small group, which is why the political economy of gift exchange is not communism but anarchism. A state-run economy can still strive to convert all wealth into capital goods, as Stalin and his successors have demonstrated. The best hope for gift exchange lies in the decentralized communitarianism of Peter Kropotkin—perhaps a frail hope, given Kropotkin's platitudinous view of human nature.

Like Kropotkin, Hyde sometimes slips into oracular obscurity. But in general he has a keen eye not only for the otherness of other cultures but also for the pastness of the past. His historical sense is strongest in the chapter on usury. Usury, he notes, is sister to commodity; it separates lender from borrower, landlord from tenant, stranger from kin. Mosaic law allowed Hebrews to charge interest to strangers but demanded gift exchange within the tribal circle; medieval Christian theology widened the circle by preaching universal brotherhood; Reformation doctrines contracted the circle into each individual soul, splitting moral from economic life and legitimizing the emergence of market society. For Hyde, the Middle Ages were the time when the man with a bleeding heart was recognized as the moral ideal. With the arrival of commodity exchange, he lost that stature, becoming a sentimental fool "with an embarrassing inability to limit his compassion."

Summarized quickly, this view of history seems threadbare. It is a prelapsarian vision common to some Marxists, most romantics and all Christian traditionalists: once upon a time, people lived in harmony with their world and one another; then they fell from grace—prodded by capitalism, scientific rationality or original sin. The nostalgia pervading this view makes it an easy target for the slings and arrows of historians, but Hyde sidesteps the volleys. He is well aware of the corruption and cruelty of medieval Christianity, the vicious anti-Semitism that sometimes powered the opposition to usury, the oppressive restraints of tribal community. He is also quick to acknowledge "the well-advertised benefits of a market society—its particular freedoms, its particular kind of innovation, its individual and material variety, and so on."

Hyde's sense of balance is especially apparent in his chapter on the gift as "a female property." In cultures where women are "given in marriage" they take on many functions of the gift, becoming the means of a community's cohesion. Marriages, established through massive gift exchanges, are part of stable kinship systems that nurture the young and protect the old. Of course

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the very notion that a woman can be "given" violates our modern sense of justice, and Hyde is sensitive to the patriarchal oppression often inherent in this stability. Yet he celebrates the "feminine" character of gift exchange as an alternative to the maleness of the marketplace.

In contemporary American society the gift sphere encompasses not only domestic life but the "female professions" of teaching, nursing, social work, child care, the ministry and the arts. Even if these professions are male-dominated, for Hyde they can still embody "feminine" values that resist the market mentality. They are all undervalued by the commodity world, and all contain a large admixture of "gift labor." They cannot be performed in a "willed, time-conscious, quantitative style"; they often stem from service to an inner daemon or gift; they open the self outward toward others.

Hyde's preoccupation with the poet's problematic role leads to his reflections on Whitman and Pound. Whitman was a poet of the gifted state, a religious enthusiast fleeing abstraction and analysis for that moment of cosmic union when "the soggy clods shall become lovers and lamps." But in Hyde's account of Whitman's sad and unrequited love affairs, we lose sight of the gift and even of the poet as gifted.

The account of Pound is another matter, an artful resurrection which refuses to evade the poet's Fascism and anti-Semitism. Pound's political odyssey, Hyde argues, began in the Imagist recoil from the abstract, vaporous language of late Victorian poetry. Determined to reconnect word and thing, the Imagists faced a problem: by the early twentieth century, the commodity world was organized and omnipresent. As a result, Hyde writes, "the objects of the outer world can no longer carry the full range of emotional and spiritual life. Feeling and spirit mysteriously drain away when the imagination tries to embody them in commodities." This is a difficult point to prove, but it does cast new light on the melancholy of Eliot's poems, where coffee spoons and cigarettes surround characters who are unable to talk to one another. It also helps explain Pound's crusade against usury—his effort to restrict the domain of commodity. From anti-usury to anti-Semitism was a short step: the usurer and the Jew had long been twinned in Christian polemics. Yet Hyde believes that Pound's descent was rooted in psychic as well as intellectual circumstances: he abhorred the commodity realm but lacked a counterweight to it. Something had made him ashamed of the erotic, fecund side of his talent, had made him associate it with "stupidity and laziness," and his imagination delivered itself to his will, just as he proudly presented his *Cantos* to Mussolini. His poetry slipped into arid stretches of rant.

Where does this leave the poet—and the rest of us? Shall we head for the hills, smear ourselves with buffalo butter and squat round the flaming carcasses of sewing machines and refrigerators? In his conclusion, Hyde backs away from the anarchistic implications of his argument. "One of the lessons of Pound's life," he announces, "is that there is little to be gained by a wholesale attack on the market." I am not sure what Hyde means by "a wholesale attack," but to me Pound's life shows the futility of embracing half-baked racial and economic theories. It does not necessarily discredit his antipathy toward the market. Hyde implies that we should try to resist commodity exchange and enlarge the circle of gift. He might have explored the areas of gift exchange that still exist in the interstices of the market—in raising children, in nurturing friendship, in preserving neighborhoods. How has the gift relationship survived? How could it be sustained and strengthened? Instead of posing those questions, Hyde concludes by offering some shopworn advice to artists: seek a middle ground between Logos and Eros; be in the market but not of it. Get an agent, get a grant, get a job that doesn't sap your libidinal energies. This is all a bit anticlimactic after so much eloquence in the service of gift.

Yet Hyde has not written a prescriptive book, and it is unfair to upbraid him for the unavoidable banality of his advice. What he *has* done is to freshen stale thinking about consumer culture by reminding us that the focus for criticism should not be material goods but the attitudes people bring to their exchange. He has returned us to some crucial Marxian insights into the character of commodity exchange—insights often forgotten amid ponderous discourse about modes of production—but he has done so in an idiom that is all his own. For this labor, Hyde has earned my gratitude. His book is more than a lucid reflection on how we live and how we might live. It is a gift. □

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DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

New York City

April 30, the Saturday George Balanchine died, rose up clear and mild. Around noon, the mercury hit 73, and it lingered there until nightfall. In the country, people awoke to find that magnolias and dogwood had bloomed. The city also had quickened. Just east of Lincoln Center, dozens of crimson tulips flamed along a traffic island. It was a day of natural magic, impulsive and fleeting, large and light. One was led to feel that all the tears in the world weighed no more than a teaspoon of well water. It was springtime, choreographed by Balanchine.

In the New York State Theater, Balanchine's company, the New York City Ballet, performed as scheduled, both matinee and evening; the continuity was a profound tribute to the man. I attended the evening performance. At 8:10 P.M. the house lights were dimmed. A small microphone before the curtain betokened an announcement. In a dreamlike silence, Lincoln Kirstein and the company's three remaining ballet masters—Peter Martins, Jerome Robbins and John Taras—all wearing coats and ties, stepped through the curtain. Kirstein spoke for three or four minutes. He told us that Balanchine is now with Mozart, Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky. He told us how Balanchine had loved the audience: "He used to say that the audience helped build this theater." He suggested that, through the dancing we were about to see, we could still perceive the genius. Then the four somber figures glided back into their world, a stagehand retrieved the microphone and the orchestra began to play the Mozart score for Balanchine's cotillion of unpitying delicacy, "Divertimento No. 15."

At the evening's emotional center was the second movement of the last ballet, Balanchine's "Symphony in C." The ballerina was Suzanne Farrell. Her partner was Peter Martins, an unannounced replacement for Sean Lavery. During the adagio of this movement, to a melody stated by a plaintive oboe, the couple orbit the stage, then return to the center, then break away and return. Each time they come back to their nest, the ballerina hallows the place with a different indelible image. One time, she poises on both points, falls in a great slanting arc into her partner's embrace and is righted by him, stronger for having risked herself. Another time, she balances on one toe, then deeply bends her supporting knee so that her weight seems to sink entirely for a moment onto her tiny base of support. Suddenly, she flicks her body around to face the opposite wing. The shift, appearing to come from nowhere, endows her with a preternatural mobility and floating quality, like a skate propelling itself across the sea. In the last image, she drops blindly backward; he catches and rights her. She drops again and comes to rest on his knee, her body fitting to his like a musician's hand to the neck of a violin.

The falls, balances and whipping twists are Balanchine's. The illusion of the woman growing grander, airier and somehow transfigured through tragedy is Farrell's own. This was angelic dancing: to shape mournful gestures and yet to maintain such energy in the waist and back that an onlooker saw not despondency but gravity of expression. In her falls, Farrell convinced one she was surrendering herself to fate. (And fate was utterly dependable; each time, Martins caught her without embellishment or wavering. His partnering was virtuosic in its understatement.) Of the fifty heavenly bodies who performed "Symphony in C" that Saturday, Farrell was the evening star. As, wrote Dante, when the sun goes down it leaves in the sky "*molte luci, in che una risplende.*" Many lights, wherein one alone is shining.

"Sunset," an intoxicating new dance by Paul Taylor, was given its world premiere during the Paul Taylor Dance Company's monthlong run at City Center, in April. Interpretations of it ran wild: a tribute to the dying Balanchine, an ode to El Salvador, a vignette of some Guardian Angels hanging out on Avenue A. The events go to one's head: figures almost become characters, steps almost tell a story. There are six men in khaki uniforms, brown shoes and socks, and red berets; four women in white dresses, bangle earrings and slippers. They meet, dance and part to some panting laments by Edward Elgar ("Serenade for Strings" and "Elegy for Strings") and a tape of loon cries. The setting, by the painter Alex Katz, Taylor's collaborator of many years, is a "park"—an ambiguous aqua-and-green construction that also looks like a room. Along one wall runs a black railing that signifies a fence and suggests a ballet *barre*. (At the end of the dance, several women grasp it as if they were in a class.) As in Jerome Robbins's "Fancy Free," a ballet with which "Sunset" has been compared, there is potential drama in the fact that the men outnumber the women—and potential sadness. Taylor exploits the sexual difference, sometimes linking up couples, other times elevating a woman on the backs of several men or cradling a man in the laps of several women. He also manipulates posture so that one seems to perceive several levels of significance. There is the level of soldiers and girls, the level of soldiers embattled (the girls variously becoming enemies and angels), and the level of dancers in a studio playacting in ways so deeply imagined as to be almost metaphysical.

What makes "Sunset" look fresh and rain-washed is its atmosphere of innocence, as if Taylor had been working backward out of knowledge toward a vision of pristine human character. That innocence is an accomplishment of a sophisticated pair of minds, Taylor's and Katz's. It comes from the leaves that stipple not only the park but also the women's dresses; and from the tension produced by the conflict between the men's chivalric code of behavior and the surging momentum that impels them to the edge of chaos. At one point the women run offstage and the men, as a disordered group, pursue them. They all run off; a few run back onstage. Then a few run off and a sole survivor runs back. But whether we're in a park or a battlefield, the natural light is slowly dying away.

Like "Snow White," Taylor's other major new work of the season, "Sunset" is a showpiece for the men of the company. "Snow White," which turns five of them into dwarfs, shows them off in acrobatic stunts derived from character dancing; "Sunset" makes them all *danseurs nobles*, with long lyric passages of movement. Embedded in the choreography, and pointed up in performances of virtuoso timing and nuance, are emotions so complex that one can't imagine ever having seen them on a stage before. How many shades of desire does "Sunset" display? How many varieties of frustration? (Desire in dancing can be demonstrated only by frustration.) In a duet for two of the men, to the piercingly sweet larghetto of Elgar's "Sere-

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nade," one is given an inventory of blocked impulses and lowered horizons, comrades in arms and at war, affectionate misery and united solitude—all conveyed through the timing of a raised arm, or the surprise of one man suddenly stepping aside as the other steps forward. It's a passage worthy of early Hemingway. "Sunset" may not prove a definitive answer to *The Sun Also Rises*, but it is a masterful vision of a clean, well-lighted place.

For the first of the Taylor company's two galas, Taylor presented a little pas de deux for guest stars Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins—a morsel called "Musette," made especially for the occasion. Punctuated with allusions to Balanchine's ballets, the pas de deux seemed innocuous at the time; in retrospect it takes hold. Again and again Martins lifted Farrell above him like a standard or she elevated her own weight from the ground, rising to the pinnacle of a toe. "So much ballerina," "Musette" appeared to say, "on such a little base." It was an underwater version of the Farrell and Martins who dance "Symphony in C." It took Balanchine to compose the heaven those waters reflected. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Out of the Blue
Angelo, My Love
Querelle

In the heyday of Jackie Coogan, Shirley Temple and the Our Gang comedies, the screen performances of child actors were a libel on childhood. Pathetically cute, adorably naughty or piously saccharine, the moppets were exploited as dolls for audiences to dandle. It is no longer so. Since 1958, when François Truffaut made *The 400 Blows*, movies have employed boys and girls of genuine talent, and directors have respected their intelligence.

The central, electrifying performance in *Out of the Blue* is that of Linda Manz, playing a defensively tough teenager faced with a drunken father whose interest in her is incestuous and a drug-addicted mother who treats her with sentimental neglect. Handsome, capable, foulmouthed and defiant of authority, she embraces punk rock and plays a kind of Russian roulette by

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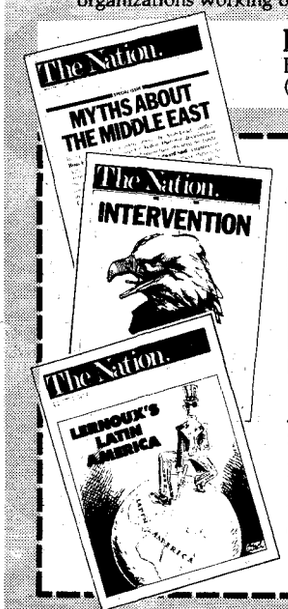

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allowing herself to be lured into dangers from which she escapes by suddenly assaulting her predators. These escapades give her the illusion of being in charge of her life.

Dennis Hopper, who plays the father, also directed the film. It is a remorseless study of child abuse, and a savage attack on the pollutions of modern society. Hopper, one of the most arresting actors working today, derives much of his power by borrowing from dark passages in his own life. That is not to imply that *Out of the Blue* is in any literal sense autobiographical, but when, as here, he plays an ebullient man whose appetites and irresponsibility wound everyone he touches, he brings to the role the authority of experience. And the tenderness and understanding with which he directs Manz bespeak a sensitivity to the cruelty induced by weakness, which he has observed at first hand and which sustains his anger.

Another young performer of surpassing appeal is Angelo Evans, star of Robert Duvall's *Angelo, My Love*. This actor's career began several years ago when Duvall, strolling up Columbus Avenue in New York City, came upon the 8-year-old Angelo passionately asserting to a woman twice his height and somewhat more than twice his age that if she spurned his love he would take himself off to Cincinnati. Duvall seized Angelo on the spot.

Angelo is a gypsy, and with him Duvall acquired his mother and father and his brother and sister, along with other members of New York's gypsy community. For this clan of extrovert amateurs he wrote and directed a film in which, roughly speaking, they play themselves. It is a work best classified as a docu-fantasy. There is a plot of sorts—a ring has been stolen—but that is a mere device, for it soon becomes apparent that Duvall is as exhilarated by the gypsies' ways and personalities as they are by the opportunity to disport themselves before a camera.

A court is convened in the matter of the theft; a marriage is arranged, the young couple smiling at each other above the heads of their elders as the two families bargain with exultant skill over the price this bride shall fetch. It is true, as we have been told, that gypsies drive enormous cars, taking off in them for distant rendezvous, like migrating birds at the change of seasons. In all such passages Angelo leads the dance, being in turn an assertive brat, a shrewd planner, a boisterous reveler, a proud defender of his own dignity and a tired, tearful child.

These urban gypsies still fear ghosts and converse informally with their patron saints. The women still tell fortunes but the men are no longer tinkers or horse-traders, and how they make a living (and they live well) is not divulged. That is one fantasy aspect of Duvall's documentary. So is Angelo's relationship to the streets of New York, through which he darts with the confidence of a trout in a stream. He is an innocent street boy, in these times a figure out of a fairy tale. But the rollicking energy of his gypsy world feels authentic, and the movie is a refreshment.

Fassbinder's last picture is a treatment of Genet's *Querelle*. It is not a fortunate collaboration, despite the superficial similarity of these two challenging outsiders. For all his disgust with it, Fassbinder was rooted in the society of his time. Genet was much cooler. He created antisocieties, mirror images of the world, which his gift for language composed into studied tableaux. Depending on your tastes and the work in question, these were lyric triumphs or perverse nonsense.

Following his author's lead, Fassbinder sets *Querelle* in a papier-mâché mock-up of the Brest waterfront and peoples it with a balletic company of sailors, construction workers, bistro proprietors and whores. There is a bare-armed, leather-vested policeman whom I thought I recognized from *The Balcony*. But having done that much, Fassbinder seems unable to set the machine in motion. Individual scenes are arresting—blood is shed, people couple, traps are set; all in a dreamlike way—but the vignettes do not cohere.

The hero, played by Brad Davis, is a central problem. A sailor so drenched in narcissism that his companions and victims are shadows, Querelle moves somnambulistically through episodes of equally casual sex and death. Jeanne Moreau, in the role of a lustful woman surrounded by men entirely absorbed in themselves and one another, sings a tuneless ditty: "Each man kills the thing he loves." It is an aphorism as shopworn as it is false. It was, however, one of Genet's tenets, and Fassbinder reiterates it in a series of lackluster pas de deux. Trapped in this hermetic masquerade, Fassbinder becomes frivolous. On his own he was a scrapper—mean, perhaps, but engaged. □

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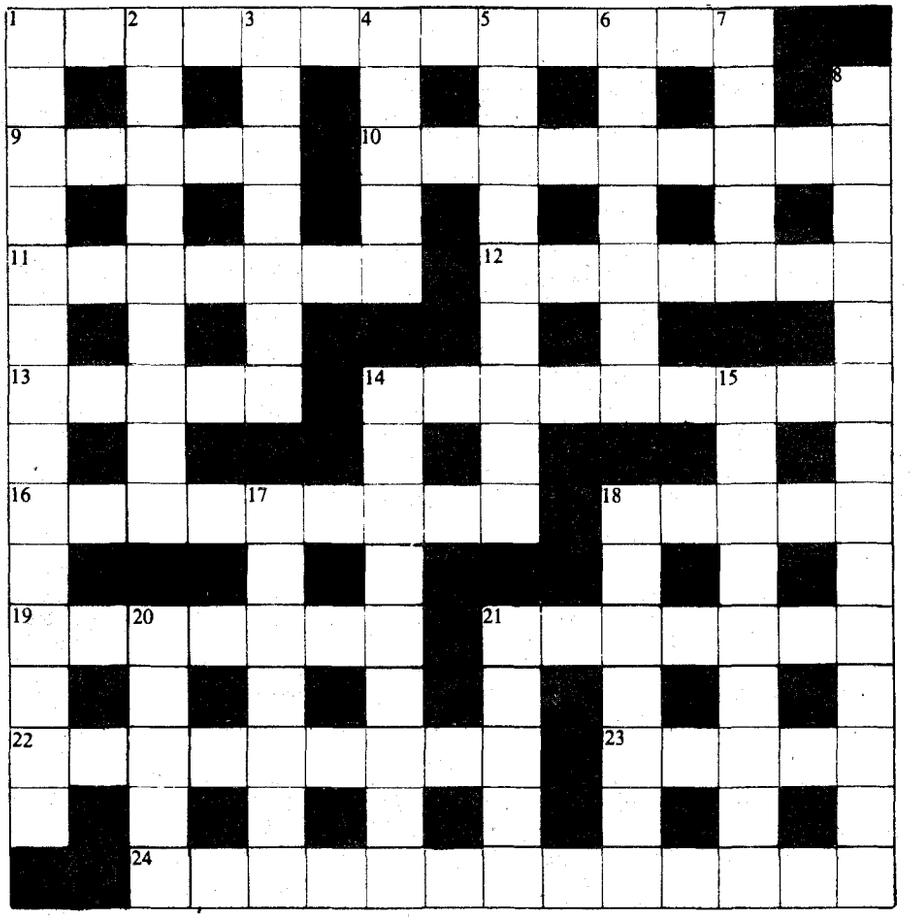

ACROSS

1 Meet for an old-fashioned revival. (8,5)
9 You don't have the right to do so, but it's big in California when you get up around it. (5)
10 You might consider it rather coarse if you have to fire the clergy. (9)
11 Wrecked, if I make such a sounding—correct? (7)
12 Strong in what verbs have. (7)
13 The common part of your language, or anyone's language. (5)
14 Were Lord Peter's cases so quaint? Sounds that way! (9)
16 The submissive might make this to be so nice a change. (9)
18 Boast, by the sound of it, of a Southern general. (5)
19 The result of a cry with a low sound coming back. (You could find something brewing here.) (7)
21 Sweet and low? Swing it! (7)
22 *Silver iodide*? Apt subtitle for a Lancaster film, though they didn't hire any Indian dancers. (9)
23 In a Sikh, a kind of uniform color. (5)
24 The comprehension of low rank? (13)

DOWN

1 Settles up with the wise old birds—like honest men. (6,8)
2 One might so pronounce it's a nice tune arrangement. (9)
3 A plover shows up part of the race with his flying apparatus. (7)
4 Not very nice—somewhat like the old political cartoonist? (5)
5 Sometimes responsible for base advances, it might be offered. (9)
6 Sort of lose a cat inside it? One finds it this way, possibly. (7)
7 Old romances seemed to require the lady to do it before getting 1 across. (5)
8 Almost sounds like bleaching for the bedclothes—you could get it in a flash! (5,9)
14 Though somewhat pale, a manufacturer and a famous merchant. (9)
15 What a shivaree really is. (9)
17 Made a violent attack, as most Red units might make. (7)
18 What the British mean by "brakes" when you have an old wreck with the Scottish mountain around. (7)
20 So it's goodbye to Pierre! (5)
21 This damned variation occurs today, in part! (5)

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